

# THE MONTH

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## EDITORIAL COMMENTS

### Co-operation with Non-Catholics

ONE clear development in war-time England has been that of co-operation between Catholics and non-Catholics—not, of course, in the directly religious sphere but in that of important questions, social, national and international. It is now an accomplished fact. To many it has appeared a necessity. To some it suggests serious dangers and it has problems to pose for everybody. Those who consider it a necessity would argue as follows. We are faced to-day, Catholics and non-Catholics alike, with a terrible challenge to those ideas and principles that constitute what we have known loosely as Western civilization and which are, for the most part, Christian and Catholic in origin and binding force. Decade after decade our civilization has been disintegrating. For more than a century decay has been eating into the moral fabric of public life. And now the challenge that has been long a-gathering is made frighteningly explicit in the defiant claims of the Totalitarian State, be it Nazi or Bolshevik—claims that reject religion and morality, root and branch, and have altered the very conception of Man. Furthermore, the challenge is not wholly external to this country. It exists here too—in a more elusive and a more humane form. It is the challenge of the secular State, the claim to impose a secular outlook, form and culture upon its citizens, to be all-controlling and omniscient. It would be a sorry experience to have expended our national energies in defeating this challenge in its virulent Nazi form only to discover that we had succumbed to its milder and more gentlemanly variant at home. So much for the *negative* side. Nearly two years ago Cardinal Hinsley summoned all Catholics in this country to a campaign of unity in face of this challenge. The appeal resulted, practically, in the foundation of the Sword of the Spirit movement: and it was extended to those outside the Church—to non-Catholic Christians and generally to men of good-will—who realized something of the spiritual

issues at stake in the war and would be willing to co-operate with Catholics in making these issues more widely known. The Cardinal was echoing the language of recent Papal pronouncements. In *Sertum Laetitiae*, addressed to the hierarchy of the United States and dated November 1st, 1939, the Holy Father had spoken of being "impelled by charity to invite the co-operation of those whom Mother Church mourns as separated from her communion." The fifth Peace Point of the 1939 allocution reminded us that nations and their rulers must be guided "by that universal love which is the compendium and the most general expression of the Christian ideal, and which therefore may serve as a common ground also for those who have not the blessing of sharing the same faith with us." A similar note appears to have been struck in the Pope's broadcast address on May 13th when he laid stress on the need for unity: "that is the prayer to-day of many others though they are living outside the visible Church, because they feel, in a world hostile to Christ, that the very existence of Christianity is at stake."

### Negative into Positive

**T**O understand and confront a crisis is, in one sense, negative. A further step is required—the re-assertion of Christian ideas and principles as indispensable for any reconstruction, in the social and international orders. In his allocution of Christmas Eve, 1939, Pius XII had taken the initiative. He announced five paragraphs that should form the basis of any peace settlement that was to prove reasonable and just. The paragraphs had no immediate response from Cabinets and general headquarters. This was natural enough. The enemy was already beyond the pale of Christian influence: for the Allies the time had not yet arrived when they could insist upon the points elaborated by the Supreme Pontiff. But, in the now famous *Times* letter (December 21st, 1940), the archbishops of Canterbury and York and the Moderator of the Free Church Federal Council joined with Cardinal Hinsley in accepting these five paragraphs as providing the essentials for a righteous and lasting peace. To these five paragraphs they added five other standards, drawn from an Anglican source, by which existing institutions and post-war developments might be adjudged. This letter was a genuine landmark. It assumed that

Catholics and non-Catholics could work together for objects that lay outside the strictly religious sphere. It meant that they might study and act in unison to demand the recognition of Christian influence in national and international affairs. Various large public meetings (e.g. those at the Stoll Theatre on May 10th and 11th, 1941) and the establishment of Christian Councils in provincial centres showed the importance given to this joint statement. There was evidently a demand for co-operation of the right sort in Catholic as well as non-Catholic circles.

### One Difficulty

AT once a difficulty arises. It is necessary to be quite clear where co-operation is reasonably possible and conversely where it is definitely ruled out. Canon 1258 of the Code forbids any active Catholic participation in the services or worship of non-Catholics (*in sacris acatholicorum*). The reason is obvious. Passive attendance at ceremonies like funerals and weddings is tolerated, provided certain dangers be avoided. The co-operation envisaged between Catholics and non-Catholics is not, of course, religious, in the sense of Canon 1258. There is no question of any association in worship. That is excluded, and the best service any Catholic can render to non-Catholic friends who desire co-operation is to be perfectly frank about the whole Catholic position and about Catholic claims. Woolliness or hesitation on these points would be fatal. However, there does remain one practical problem. Non-Catholics are in the habit of opening their public meetings—even on social and civic topics—with short public prayer to which, incidentally, they pay a certain importance. Where meetings are held jointly, what are Catholics to do? It might well be argued that the common recital of the Our Father or of a prayer to the Holy Spirit to bless the meeting's deliberations is not a *communicatio in sacris* since it is merely incidental to a meeting of citizens on civic matters. In a valuable note in the *Clergy Review* (February, 1942) Canon Mahoney judges that "united prayer is a corporate act of worship even in these circumstances, and is subject to the same ruling as any other united religious service": but earlier in the same paragraph he grants that *communicatio in sacris* "does admit of smallness of matter which may sometimes be so slight as to be negligible." The Canon's argument might be made even stronger for it is highly doubtful

whether non-Catholics regard this introductory prayer as an *ad hoc* petition to invoke God's blessing on the assembly: they consider it, I feel sure, as a common act of *witness*—that is as a profession of belief. Accordingly such introductory prayer creates a certain difficulty. If the element of prayer is to be introduced, this might be done more satisfactorily in the form of a minute or half-minute pause for reflection at the outset of the meeting. Whether or not public introductory prayer is to be considered *communicatio in sacris*, it is distinctly foreign to our normal Catholic feeling and traditions.

### Is there a Basis ?

SUCH co-operation, outside the strictly religious sphere, is not entirely new. Catholics have planned and acted with non-Catholics on many public committees. Some consider that there is little point in discussing the basis for such action. "You co-operate by co-operating," they would say. Act and join with others where you in conscience can, and make no fuss about it: you think and act as a Catholic, the others will think and act according to their various beliefs. An attempt has been made—in the Sword of the Spirit—to establish this co-operative activity on a common recognition of the Natural Law, that reflection in the affairs of men of the *lex aeterna* of God Himself. In Catholic thought this idea of the Natural Law is fairly clear though it is not always easy to draw its every conclusion. "Natural Law"—to quote from an address of M. Maritain on January 18th, 1942—"is the mass of things to do and things not to do which follow from it in a necessary manner and from the simple fact that man is man, in the absence of every other consideration." Later in the same address occurs this illuminating paragraph:

To sum up, the fundamental rights like the right to existence and life—to personal freedom or to conducting one's own life as master of oneself—to the pursuit of one's human, moral and rational fulfilment (in other words, to the pursuit of happiness, which is above all the pursuit, not of material accommodations, but of moral righteousness, internal strength and completion, with the material and social conditions involved)—the right to the pursuit of one's eternal fulfilment—the right to corporal integrity, to private ownership of material goods, which is a safeguard of the liberties of the individual, the right of



assembly, the respect of human dignity in each one of us, whether or not it represents an economic value for society, all these rights spring, after all, from supra-temporal values naturally contained in the human person.

It is evident that the recognition of the Natural Law, with its insistence upon human rights and duties, its moral and social implications, and its establishment of a due relationship between individual, family and society, offers a broad and reasonable basis for common effort. There are, however, two obstacles to the acceptance of the Natural Law as the basis of this co-operation.

### The Two Difficulties

THE first of them is the fact that this notion of Natural Law has been largely obscured and neglected with the development of modern thought. To most non-Catholics it is not a familiar conception. The Barthian theology, for example, rejects the very idea of Natural Theology and the Natural Law. Now this notion ought to be re-awakened and reinforced. We should remember that the Papal arguments in the great social encyclicals are based, not so much on revealed teaching as on the principles of right reason, and consequently they are meant to appeal not merely to the Catholic but quite generally to men of reasonableness and good will. The second difficulty is that the co-operation that is now envisaged is co-operation between Christians. Here there may lurk a certain danger, that of indifferentism—the feeling that, after all, there is not much difference between the true faith and the beliefs of other religious bodies or even that they have all a great deal in common, that what is common to them is more important than those matters in which they differ. We cannot tolerate any attempt to produce a Lowest Common Denominator of Christian belief. It is sometimes loosely imagined that Catholics and non-Catholics hold a great block of truths in common and that they diverge from one another only at a certain point. It is a false picture. Questions such as the nature of authority and the character of the Church go to the root of all Christian belief. This is why Dr. Butterfield (*Clergy Review*, April, 1942) asserts that there can be no co-operation on a so-called “common Christian basis.” He would transfer the emphasis from common basis to common object. He declares that Catholics

and non-Catholics have common ends, purposes, desires and objects: these they can and should pursue together while retaining their own outlook and background. And therefore co-operation would express itself in parallel rather than joint activity. This idea is a helpful one since it immediately enlarges the possible area of co-operation and allows Catholics and non-Catholics to work together for Christian objectives because they have *agreed to differ* as to the basis on which they work. It does not mean to discourage joint meetings or joint action: it merely insists that each party will come to the meeting or enter upon the activity, retaining full independence and deciding when it can, and when it cannot, co-operate. Such a position permits all the co-operation that is in question and, considered as a practical accommodation, is very good. However, the problem is not yet wholly resolved. If the term "co-operation between Christians" be accepted, is it not possible to go even further and to claim that there does exist a certain area—common to Catholics and non-Catholics—which might provide a basis, though perhaps not a clearly defined basis, for such co-operation? The language of the most recent Papal documents, with their appeal to those Christians who are none the less separated from the unity of the true Church, lends some sanction to this point of view.

#### A Recent Statement

THESE general remarks on co-operation may serve as a background for the Joint Statement that was issued on May 28th. It was drawn up by members of the Sword of the Spirit, on the Catholic side, and by representatives of the "Commission of the Churches for International Friendship and Social Responsibility," to use its full title. The statement has official approval: and it is intended to assist the co-operation that is envisaged between the Sword of the Spirit and a non-Catholic organization, now in process of formation under the ægis of the Commission. The statement is a joint one and has been carefully worded. It contains five paragraphs, the first three opening with the expression, "We agree." The first paragraph points to the compelling obligation that rests upon Christians in this country "to act together to the utmost possible to secure the effective influence of Christian teaching and witness in the handling of social, economic and civic problems, now and in the critical post-war

period." This obligation is seen to arise from the danger that Britain "may increasingly slip into accepting pagan standards and ideals": Christians are bound to oppose the present tendencies to set Christianity aside and "to treat it as a matter of private concern without relevance to the principles which should govern society." The second paragraph recognizes that there is a large area of common ground on which co-operation is possible and is already taking place. The area referred to is that of social morality and reconstruction. There has been, the document declares, co-operation for limited social purposes for the past twenty years between Catholics and non-Catholics: but "the first clear definition of a large common area" is to be found in the *Times* letter of December 21st, 1940. Other documents are mentioned which offer valuable suggestions for common work: among them, of course, are the social encyclicals from Leo XIII to Pius XII. "Over this whole field," continues the statement, "collaboration among Christians, already in progress, ought to be encouraged." These two paragraphs simply declare what is now generally accepted, namely, that Catholics and non-Catholics ought to act together to oppose the secularizing tendencies of modern society and to promote the influence of Christian ideas and standards in the national life. The third paragraph is not concerned directly with co-operation. As it stands, it may provoke criticism and, in any case, it calls for further elucidation. It treats of the rights of religious denominations over against the civil power. The freedom which is demanded must include "freedom to worship according to conscience, freedom to preach, teach, educate and persuade (all in the spirit of Christian charity), and freedom to bring up children in the faith of their parents." It argues that the freedom and independence of such denominations must be recognized by the State.

### Its General Purpose

**F**INALLY, in the fourth and fifth paragraphs, the statement notes the growth of co-operation—in Christian Councils, public meetings and study groups—and pays tribute also to the "spontaneity of support" which the Sword of the Spirit and other movements have received, "and the great local enthusiasm which has accompanied public meetings arranged on this wide co-operative basis." While welcoming this

local spontaneity and liberty, it advocates the setting up of a Joint Committee to give "advice, direction and encouragement." The general aim is announced in the first sentence of the fourth paragraph: "Our purpose is to unite informed and convinced Christians all over the country in common action on broad lines of social and international policy."

### Church Reunion

THE war has quickened the tempo of various movements for rapprochement between the Church of England and the Free Churches in this country. The tempo has been quickened but the movements were in existence, and were active, even before the war. The Church Established and the most important Free Church bodies are represented on the joint "Commission of the Churches," though all parties reserve to themselves the fullest liberty in dealing with the Commission's suggestions. The attempt to introduce more satisfactory religious teaching into State schools—through what would in fact be an "agreed syllabus," accepted generally by non-Catholics—draws them naturally closer, and there is little doubt that the appointment of Dr. Temple to the see of Canterbury was warmly welcomed by Free Churchmen. At the same time, there exists a strong movement for the association of all existing Free Churches in one National Free Church, intended to stand side by side with the Establishment. This background lends added significance to the Reverend K. L. Parry's address at the spring assembly of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. Mr. Parry, the present chairman of that Union, declared that the time had come to undo the mischief wrought by "1662 and all that" and to "restore a truly national Church of England." He did not favour—indeed saw small hope in—a union of Free Churches among themselves: the idea did not carry inspiration enough to overcome the friction of prejudice and the inertia of vested interest: besides, it was his opinion that Free Church differences of "atmosphere, spiritual temper and tradition" would be far better preserved within the comprehensiveness of the Established Church. "I sometimes think," he stated, "that if the Free Churches could discover what holds them apart, and the Anglican Church could discover what holds it together, we might find the secret of reunion," but he added, with reference to the Church of



England, "though what holds it together I have never been able to discover." A Catholic must be forgiven his bewilderment at reading this extraordinary proposal. For a religious body to lose itself within a larger unity and yet, within that new unity, to preserve its full differences, believing what it likes and acting as it may please, and finally to have no idea what is holding this unity together—it is a mighty strange proceeding. Mr. Parry argued before his assembly that the Church of England which could permit the Anglo-Catholic ritual (but does it permit it?) and a Low Church service, had obviously room for the Free Church type of worship. Gone are the controversies over the episcopacy and other points. So far have we drifted—away from the search for truth and authority and indeed for an understanding of the true character of Christ's Church. It has become a question of "Where can they fit in or find room?", not "What is it all for: what is it about?" The wider and less definite the framework, the more easily can religious bodies enter, one after the other. Another Congregational minister, Mr. Daniel Jenkins, whose latest book is reviewed somewhat critically in this number, sounds another note. Though ready to consider reunion with a changed Church of England, he will not do so until that Church has rejected "the basis of the Anglican Establishment," that is, has altered its status as a "National Church." "We are prepared," he writes, "to discuss reunion with a Church that can speak for itself, but it would be an open denial of our own *catholicity* (italics ours, c.f. review) to treat with Cæsar, even so high-handed a Cæsar as the British Parliament, concerning the things which belong unto God, and unto God alone."

### The Pope's Silver Jubilee

THE Holy Father's silver jubilee on May 13th must have been heavy with significant memories. For the jubilee circumstances vividly recalled those of the original consecration. He was made a bishop by Benedict XV just prior to Benedict's appeal to the belligerent Powers in the summer of 1917, and Mgr. Pacelli's first important task was to travel to Germany as the Pope's envoy with letters for the rulers of Germany and Austria-Hungary. The Pontiff who, in this present war, has spoken so firmly of the just conditions and the genuine spirit of international peace, was Benedict's right-hand man

in his efforts to shorten the war of 1914-1918. He was accredited to the Bavarian Government as Papal Nuncio and he ventured to allude to his pacific mission in the introductory address when his credentials were presented. In little more than a month he had interviewed both the German and the Austrian Kaiser. The peace appeal failed. The Central Powers declined to consider the evacuation of Belgium; the Allies met it with a more polite refusal. Mgr. Pacelli was to remain in Germany for twelve years, first in Munich as Nuncio to the Bavarian State and afterwards in Berlin. He had a great deal to do with the Concordats, established in 1925 with Bavaria, and with Prussia in 1929. In that year he returned to Rome to take over from Cardinal Gasparri the responsibilities of the Papal Secretariate of State. Even then he was able to travel—to South America in 1934 and to the United States, two years later, as well as to France, in 1935 and 1937, and to Hungary in 1938, in a legatine capacity. He has had great experience as diplomat, legate and statesman: he is keenly aware of the problems and difficulties of the modern world in which he has to direct and inspire the Church. One helpful sign for the future is the obvious improvement of the British attitude towards the Pope and the Holy See. During the last war it was frequently suggested that Benedict XV and the Vatican were in full sympathy with the Central Powers. Quite recently I came across a long printed controversy between Cardinal Bourne and the *Morning Post* on this very subject. And—be it remembered—it was Britain and France that agreed to the Italians' condition, laid down in the Treaty of London, that all Vatican influence would be rigorously excluded from the peace conferences. To-day the five points of the Pope's 1939 allocution have been widely accepted in this country as providing a sound and healthy basis for the post-war settlement.

### The Vatican and Japan

**F**OR all that, the demon of suspicion is occasionally active. At the time of our far-Eastern disasters it was learned that the Japanese Government was anxious to be represented at the Vatican and that the Vatican seemed willing to accede to this request. This was interpreted in certain circles as evidence of pro-Axis feeling or even as a

recognition of Japanese conquest. The edge of this criticism was somewhat blunted when it was discovered that this was no new and sudden Japanese request but that negotiations for such representation had been afoot for twenty years, and that China, as well as Japan, was to have a representative to the Holy See. Our own experience of the unwillingness of the Japanese to give information concerning prisoners of war and to accord them reasonable treatment should show us the practical wisdom of Vatican policy. For the time being millions of Catholics, particularly in the Philippines, and important missionary districts in the East Indies are under Japanese control. It is essential that the Vatican should remain in contact with them and be able to protect their interests, spiritual and material. This is possible only through direct diplomatic relations with the Japanese Government. Such relations involve not the slightest recognition of Japanese conquests; they are a practical deal with a *de facto* occupying Power. The value of these Vatican-Japanese relations from the British point of view has been acknowledged by Mr. Eden in the House of Commons. Speaking of the attempts that are being made to send food and other supplies to British prisoners in Hongkong, he confessed that considerable delay must occur before these could reach them from an Allied country. But he added that, as soon as Japanese consent was given, food would be hurried to them from local missionary centres which had been accumulating food-stocks for this purpose: these arrangements had all been concluded "through the good offices of the Vatican."

#### Those Words "Fascist" and "Anti-Fascist"

WE talk of the war—where Europe is concerned—as against Germany or the Axis or, ideologically, against Nazism. The Russians and their left-wing sympathisers in other countries have the habit of calling the war "anti-Fascist." Marshal Timoshenko's order of the day before the Kharkov battle referred to the German Fascist troops. In one sense, we have three different wars on hand: the first against Nazi Germany, with its creed and practice of aggression, inhumanity and sheer paganism; the second against Fascist Italy—very secondary in character and due in large measure to the miscalculation and greediness of the Italian Government; the third, against Japan, more commercial and

"imperialistic," and after the pattern of earlier wars. Of these three wars, that against Germany was the first in time and remains the first in significance. Our principal foe is Germany; in ideological terms, it is Nazism. Now this point is obscured in the use of the word "anti-Fascist"—obscribed consciously or unconsciously: yet it is quite fundamental. Recent developments in Russia are making the Soviet system into a more national form of Socialism or—what is the same thing—into a form of National-Socialism. A similar tendency is observable in the war-time development of Britain and the United States, and much of this development has come to stay. In one sense, though definitely not in the German sense, most countries will be National-Socialist after the war, even if this National-Socialism will be compatible, here with democracy, and there with a Marxist-Socialist State. There is, however, another and an insidious motive behind this term "anti-Fascist": in itself it is vague and little understood, and therefore it makes an admirable "slogan." "Anti-Fascist," if it is to bear a strict meaning, should indicate opposition to that special form of Government and State-organization that has been imposed upon the Italian people: that and nothing more. In this sense, we are "anti-Fascists." Employed loosely, as the term is and will be, it can become a watchword of opposition to the Spanish, the Vichy French, and even the Portuguese regimes: it will be a useful stick for the beating of any country that is not Socialist in the Marxist meaning of that word. Here lurks a danger. "Fascist" and "anti-Fascist" are expressions that should be used very strictly or not at all: otherwise they are either foolish or positively misleading.

### An Eastern Munich

**A**MERICAN Catholic papers (e.g., *America*, April 4th) have been discussing the report that an agreement has been reached—or is shortly to be reached—among the United Nations which will assure to Russia the post-war occupation of Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia. The question was ventilated three months ago in the *Times* where it was suggested that such an agreement ought to be concluded between Britain and the Soviet Government. This agreement would guarantee the Soviet Union in its boundaries of June



22nd, 1941, that is, prior to Hitler's invasion but subsequent to the Polish and Finnish wars and after the Soviet seizure of the Baltic countries. Coinciding with this suggestion was the account of an interview with Sir Stafford Cripps who urged that, for the adequate protection of Leningrad, the Russians should control the Gulf of Finland and the Baltic coast. It was also necessary, the account continued, that there should not exist small States close to the vital points of Soviet industry which might be used, and indeed were now being used, by enemy Powers as a basis for attack upon Russia. Strategical considerations cannot, of course, be dismissed lightly. It could be argued, at the close of the last war, that Italy had a reasonable claim to the Trentino and South Tyrol on grounds of natural defence although the population of the latter province was entirely German. The one strong argument against the full return to Eire of the Southern ports was that, without their use, it would be far more difficult to guard the Western approaches to Britain: and so it has proved. The strategical argument, when it is an argument for just and reasonable defence, cannot be swiftly brushed aside. And yet other factors must be considered. Here you have small peoples, anxious to lead their own political and national lives, with culture, religion, and ways of conduct that would be seriously menaced, if not totally destroyed, under Soviet annexation. To argue that the Baltic States were part of the Czarist Empire before 1914 is no more convincing than would be the plea that Eire was part of the United Kingdom until 1922. The difference in way of life between Soviet Russia and these Baltic countries is far greater than that which existed between Britain and Ireland. Further, no Christian could view with any peace of mind the transference of these small Christian countries to Soviet overlordship. Whatever may be the present religious tolerance of the Soviet Government, there is no guarantee that this is anything more than a war-time measure: the official Soviet philosophy remains as anti-religious and atheist as ever. Count Tarnowski, the author of the article in *America*, speaks of the danger of another Munich, this time in favour of the Soviets. Its consequences would be morally disastrous for the Allies, so he insists: it would be a repudiation of the principles of the Atlantic Charter. It would also be in flat contradiction to the first of the Pope's points of 1939 which solemnly insisted that the

claims of one people, however imperative, must not be made the occasion of the "death" of another. We are fighting to establish a new order in international affairs, an order that will not depend upon the possession of strategical points, even for legitimate defence.

### The Cloven Hoof

**I**N spite of their overwhelming force, the Nazis frequently show that they are fighting a losing battle—in press and on radio—in occupied countries. This is most observable when they are confronted with a national resistance that has hardened around a tough core of Christian conviction. Then they employ their quisling press and broadcasts to discredit the stubborn opposition. In the process they often lose their tempers and betray themselves more than they intended to do: the cloven hoof is mercilessly exposed. Towards the close of April the Dutch pro-Nazi organ *De Misthoorn* launched a more than usually violent attack against the Catholics of Holland. It was directed specifically against a Catholic paper *De Nieuwe Eeuw* which had published articles by Geert Ruygers, the editor of a Catholic journal they had suppressed. Some of the passages in the *Misthoorn's* attack will bear quotation. The Dutch people "will not become new by keeping themselves separate, by cultivating typical Dutch characteristics or emphasizing their ever-honoured, but dangerous, character. The Dutch ideal as such is dead and no longer carried in the hearts of the people. The Dutch nation will not obtain importance by separatism and particularism. Only life within the wide scope of the New Reich, in realising the greatness of the Germanic community, will make it realise its full power." Ruygers shows complete stupidity, continues this analysis, when he declares that Christianity is the core of the European spirit and European culture, and that Christian tradition has made Europe different from the rest of the world. Christianity, states the quisling organ, "is only the veneer which has given brilliance to European life for some time, but it is also the strait-jacket which has seriously hindered development in real European and Germanic culture. It is absolutely unimportant whether or not Christianity takes part in the building of the new Europe." Taking exception to Ruygers's assertion that the existence of Europe is at stake "because Christianity is now

in the melting-pot" and that the Christian faith will outlive every modern doctrine, the Nazi paper continues: "We do not want the impression given that Europe would mean nothing without Christianity. All races in Europe—and especially the Germanic race with its great creations—will always remain, even if Christianity no longer exists." "The present revolution is not born of Christianity, but of the primeval power of Germanhood which now finds itself, after languishing for many years under an alien Eastern dominion, which was greatly consolidated by Christianity." This is scarcely the most diplomatic and tactful manner in which to persuade as solidly a Christian people as the Dutch that it is to their national and spiritual advantage to co-operate with the builders of the promised Reich.

### Malta

"THE best-laid plans of mice and men"—we know what happens to them. Surely the gallant island of Malta is an egregious example. Two years ago—it now appears from official reports—authorities had decided that it would be impossible to hold the island against Italian attack. No aeroplanes were provided: a handful were un-crated from ships then lying in the harbour to deal with the first air bombardments. And what a story of adventure and heroism Malta has given us since then! Malta is a relatively small island, less than eighteen miles in length and scarcely nine in breadth, with Gozo as an auxiliary island, one quarter of the size, to the North-West. The history of Malta is very old, older far than Britain's. Six centuries before Christ, the Phœnicians were there, and Carthaginians held sway for a long time: there is even a tradition that the redoubtable Hannibal was born in the island. Gradually it came under Roman rule: Cicero was a minor official there in 75 B.C. and the bay of St. Paul still commemorates the famous shipwreck of the apostle that is recounted in the Acts of the Apostles. When the old Empire was divided, Malta was considered part of the Eastern dominion, belonging not very securely to Constantinople. It had an Arab period and then returned to Western influence when it was occupied by Count Roger the Norman: during the Middle Ages it continued under Sicilian and Aragonese rule. In 1530 the Knights of St. John were driven out of Rhodes by the Turks. The

Emperor, Charles V, gave them a grant of Malta, Gozo and Tripoli, with the reversion of these territories to the kingdom of Aragon should the Knights leave them. And then occurred the great siege of Malta, which is being repeated—with other weapons and by other Powers—to-day. It was in May, 1565, that the Turkish fleet and army began the assault of the island. The Moslem ships first attacked St. Elmo: there was a magnificent resistance, Turkish casualties were very heavy: the whole defence was a delaying action, in the best meaning of those two words. Afterwards came the main assault on the central citadel of St. Angelo. The garrison held out with superhuman valour. By September food and ammunition were running low. At last the Viceroy of Sicily was persuaded to act. He sent troops to Malta that succeeded in joining forces with the Maltese defenders. The Moslems were driven back to their ships, and Malta was saved. Glorious was the name of the Maltese knights. Their leader, La Valette, gave his name to the new and strongly fortified city that was constructed above the main harbour: Valetta is its name to-day. For more than two centuries the Knights remained in the island. Their position was naturally criticised; French influence became paramount. In June, 1798, Buonaparte seized the island but the inhabitants objected violently to the French attack upon their churches and their traditionally Catholic way of life. Buonaparte tried to make French the official language: that was inviting trouble. By 1798 there was open rebellion. Nelson was appealed to and he recognized the King of Sicily as the legitimate sovereign on the island. The Treaty of Amiens (1802) restored Malta to the Knights but the Treaty of Paris, twelve years afterwards, gave it to Britain. Throughout the nineteenth century Malta saw slow development, not always in complete harmony with the aspirations of her people. And there were foolish incidents between the two world wars. To-day, however, Malta stands out as an heroic bastion of the British Commonwealth. On Sunday, May 17th, Cardinal Hinsley saluted the Maltese from Westminster Cathedral as an island folk of heroes—a tribute that has been confirmed by the exceptional grant to the whole island of the George Cross.

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## AUSTRALIA IN THE BALANCE

**P**OLITICAL commentary is easy for those who are ignorant of history. It is for them—that is to say, for nine-tenths of the interpreters of national and international affairs—a mere noting of superficial reactions: a testing of the patient's reflexes. But human societies are like icebergs: their main bulk lies beneath the surface. Any given situation is proportioned to, shaped and supported by, a whole series of past situations: a history of development that may go back a hundred or a thousand years; and a right interpretation of the present demands an understanding of the past. This platitude is too often forgotten nowadays: I do not apologize for repeating it. It will serve to explain why, for the interpretation of Australia's present situation, I must return to a period which is for most commentators a quarry of film scenarios, not a source of modern politics.

The real history of Australia begins with the gold-rushes of the 1850's. It was then that the settlers arrived who were to transform her from a sparsely-inhabited pastoral country to a modern industrialized nation. Till then, Australia's whole future had seemed to lie in wool. Wool was all her wealth: the great "squatters," with their enormous flocks roaming the millions of acres which they leased from the government, dominated the land; neither their ex-convict shepherds, nor the merchants whose business depended on them, nor the few farmers who supplied food for the tiny settlements scattered round the immense seaboard, could stand against them. Wentworth, the most remarkable squatter of them all (the same who once tried to claim the whole of the South Island of New Zealand for a sheep-station), dreamed of establishing the squatters as an hereditary aristocracy of "shepherd kings." His opponents unkindly called his dream a squattocracy, but all their mockery could not, in practice, prevent Australian life from being controlled by the sheep-men. There seemed little chance for anyone else. Australia is the poorest of the continents: not only ill-endowed with natural resources, but presenting unusual difficulties to those who wish to exploit such resources as there are. Even agriculture, over most of the country, has troubles

and risks unknown to milder lands. In the fifties it seemed that any kind of development other than pastoral was hopeless ; would involve an expenditure of labour and capital that could not in any sense be called economic. It is worth noting that in all this Australia offers the strongest contrast to such a country as the United States, and that is why comparisons between the two, so often made, are so thoroughly misleading.

It was the discovery of gold that changed Australia's destiny. Here, at least, was a natural resource that could be tapped with a minimum of labour and expense. And, as we know, men rushed in to tap it. It was then, perhaps, fortunate for Australia that the Americans were engaged in their own Californian fields : the gold-seekers who came to Ballarat and Bendigo were English, Irish and Scots almost to a man. The Australian character thus received a British stamp which it has never lost. In spite of superficial resemblances, the American and the Australian are poles apart : the hustle, the violence, and the hearty optimism of American life are alien to Australia ; a barer soil and a more hostile sun have developed a plant that is at once hardier and wilder than its British original, but recognisably the same species.

If, indeed, the miners had been Americans, it is probable that when the gold was worked out, they would have pulled their stakes and returned to their own country ; being British, they stayed where they were. Thus it happened that, for a few short years, and for the first and last time in her history, Australia had a surplus of labour and of liquid wealth ; and so was begun that laborious, costly, and hazardous experiment of Australian development : an experiment not yet successful, and threatened by other dangers besides a Japanese invasion, but an experiment which has produced the Australia of to-day.

The first and fundamental work of the new settlers was to produce a parliamentary democracy. These men were not adventurers, nor riff-raff, nor younger sons of the aristocracy : they were solid farmers and workingmen, uprooted from their old homes by the decay of agriculture, by the abominable industrial conditions of that age, and most of all by the failure of the Chartist agitation. The English and Scottish immigrants were nearly all Chartists—the cream of the British working-class ; the Irish had been brought up in the political faith of O'Connell ; they found it easy to agree. The demands made by the miners at the Eureka Stockade affair in 1854 read like

a summary of the Great Charter of 1848 : manhood suffrage, vote by ballot, payment of members—the full radical programme. By 1860 five out of the six Australian States had achieved their independence of Westminster, and had set up parliamentary government on those lines. This was true parliamentary democracy. There was nothing like a governing class : the new settlers had numbers and—for the moment—wealth on their side ; the squatters were helpless against them ; and the popular democracy then established has never been seriously endangered. Australian Parliaments, in spite of their faults, do represent the people to a degree rarely attained elsewhere : their general policies have been definitely popular in origin.

This was at once apparent in the new land laws and the new tariffs. The land laws were designed to break the monopoly of the squatters, and open up the immense sheep-runs to agriculture. The economic battle that followed between the new "selectors" and the squatters need not detain us ; it ended, not in the defeat of the latter (for climatic conditions make sheep-raising inevitably Australia's chief primary industry) but at least in the establishment of a large number of farmers on the less arid lands of the East and South. A price was paid for this success. It has been said that it takes three generations of settlers to tame an Australian holding : the first to break their hearts in clearing the land, the second to go bankrupt through using methods of agriculture unsuited to the country, the third to profit by the toil and errors of their predecessors. (One might now add : a fourth to reap the whirlwind, in the shape of the erosion caused by a still imperfect understanding of soil and climate.) This is exaggerated, but not so much as one would think. The prevalence of the tragic theme in Australian literature has its roots in reality : no one will ever be able to calculate what an expenditure of labour, agony and endurance has been necessary to tame (or half-tame) those treacherous and stubborn acres.

Meanwhile, agriculture could employ only a fraction of the new population ; for the rest, it was necessary to provide secondary industries. But besides the ordinary difficulties of establishing these in a new country, there were others peculiar to Australia. There are, for instance, a number of coal-seams along the New South Wales coast ; and there are, in South Australia, large deposits of iron ; but the iron and coal are about a thousand miles apart. There is no Birmingham or

Pittsburg in Australia. And, in addition to such natural difficulties, the men who were to be employed in the new industries had had enough of the horrible conditions then current in English factories, and were determined not to allow them to be established in Australia: it was consequently necessary for Australian employers to pay fair wages and provide decent conditions of labour. They had therefore to be defended by protective tariffs. One must insist that Protection, which in the U.S.A. was the manufacturer's doctrine, has been in Australia a fundamental article in the workingman's creed. The first object of the Australian tariff has been to provide employment and a living wage. Owing to the peculiar local conditions, however, an all-round development of Australia's resources would in any case be impossible except within a more or less closed economic system: the Australian experiment cannot succeed without Protection.

This industrial policy, begun in the sixties, and pursued with increasing conviction ever since, has produced three results which are fundamental to Australia's present position. The most obviously important of these is a heavy industry capable of supporting the needs of modern war. Had Australia remained a pastoral country, and its other industries and its communications been developed as ancillary to wool, it could not have pretended to stand against Japan. Even as it is, those industries and communications are unsatisfactory. A considerable proportion of Australia's weapons can be supplied out of her own workshops, but not all, nor the most important, of them; and while the communications do admit of large bodies of men and masses of material being transported, they cannot be called sufficient, for many reasons. But at least they exist. The intensive artificial development which the Australians have forced on their country has been so far justified: without that it would by now have ceased to be their country.

It has produced a second and more questionable result: the population and wealth of the country have been concentrated to an almost incredible degree in a few main centres. The metropolitan cities, Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne, Hobart, Adelaide, and Perth, contain between them more than half the population, and much more than half the wealth, of the nation. The main reason for this has been the chronic shortage of free capital which is so conspicuous in Australia's economic history. It was not possible to provide more than



one port for each economic area ; the lines of communication had to radiate out from this centre ; to attempt to develop industries elsewhere would have seemed a wanton addition to the country's burdens. For the private manufacturer, in any case, the question of transport outweighed all others, and it is generally easier to transport raw materials than finished goods. Hence, industries were established at their markets, or ports, not near the sources of raw material, and, of course, this process is cumulative. Transport has always been the main problem. The history of the railway systems exemplifies the difficulties. As soon as the country began to be intensively developed, railways became necessary. Private enterprise could not supply them. For, in the first place, no private persons had the capital, or could get the credit, to build them ; and in the second, even when built, they could not be expected to pay their way. (We must repeat : the development of Australia was a social experiment, not an economic enterprise.) Therefore they had to be made by governments, with borrowed money. But even a government has not unlimited credit ; the costs had to be kept down to a minimum ; it was cheaper to build a single centralised system than half-a-dozen separate ones ; the obvious centre was the capital city, which was also the main port ; and so, in each State, the railways were built outwards from the capital. This is most obvious in Victoria, a map of which shows the lines radiating out from Melbourne like the spokes of a wheel—an astonishing sight. It is least so in Queensland, partly owing to the topography of that State, partly from the fact that the growth of the sugar industry has spread the population up the coast. In general, however, it is true of every State that its communications centre in the capital, and this is doubtless the principal cause of the overgrowth of these cities.

This canalization of traffic, and these immense concentrations of men and workshops, have some obvious disadvantages, especially in time of war. Fortunately for the Australians, their main centres are so far distant from the war-zone that they are not likely to suffer very much from direct attack. Japanese bombing raids on Sydney and Melbourne are not yet practical possibilities. This is just as well, for it would be impossible to imagine a pair of more tempting targets, especially now that they have become (as they must have become) the main centres of military organization as well as

of armament-production, and the main ports for the reception of American troops and supplies. There are too many eggs in these baskets.

But the most important consequence of Australia's enforced development has been the growth of a vigorous and healthy nation. We have seen that the Australian people, from the moment when they first took in hand the making of their own future, insisted that among the bases of that future must be proper wages and decent conditions for the workers. On the whole, these have been reached and maintained. They have been a heavy burden upon industry ; they have increased the artificiality of Australia's economic position ; but they have been justified a thousand times in their results. A national physique, and a general standard of national health, unsurpassed and almost unrivalled, are the least of these results. Cities spaciouly and wisely planned, with well-set houses and gardens, have almost removed the great reproach of our urban civilization. (Not that perfection has been reached : only the Australians themselves know how far short they still are of their ideal, in this and other ways ; but they are already far beyond anything that Europe can show. The contrast between, say Melbourne and Liverpool, is a lamentable one for this country.) But more important far than any material achievement, there has grown up a spirit of independence and self-respect among the workers, amounting in times of dispute almost to truculence, which may have its disadvantages, but will not be undervalued by anyone who believes in freedom and the dignity of man. Many of those who used to complain of working-class turbulence have changed their minds since seeing in Germany what can be the results of working-class docility. In Australia, the workers show little sign of docility either to their employers or to the government ; their standard of living is high, and their physique and morale are in proportion to it ; they have given plenty of trouble at home, but they will give much more trouble to an invader.

And this has been achieved by a homogeneous nation. It is easy for white men to have a high standard of living in countries where there are masses of cheap native labour, and where the white is only an organizer and overseer. That could have been Australia's case. Not that the Australian natives themselves are suitable material for this kind of helotry, but labour in more than sufficient quantities could have been

drawn from the Pacific islands, from India, and from China. Had the squatters remained masters of the country, this would probably have been its ultimate line of development : the cheap convict labour of the early days would have been replaced by cheap coloured labour. The Chartist invasion, however, introduced the ideal of a community of free and equal citizens. Into such a community it was not possible to admit anyone who could not be received as an equal, and the standards of life of the coloured races are so different from that of Australians that equality between them is impossible. The natives might enter as exploiters or exploited, but not (except in a few individual cases) as equals ; therefore they had to be excluded.

This is the true reason for the White Australia policy. It is not a question of the colour-bar, nor of military security : there are Chinese families, descendants of early immigrants, who live in complete amity with their white neighbours, and when the policy of exclusion was first mooted no white man dreamed of fearing the military power of Asiatics. It is not even primarily a trade-union regulation : for it is not merely a labour party principle, but a passionate conviction shared by the whole nation. Of course all these considerations are alleged in support of the policy, but the main reason remains the social one. The whole structure of Australian society is built on the principles of freedom, equality, and social justice ; to attain the perfect expression of these has been the ideal, the energizing force, of the country's whole development ; the White Australia policy is the keystone of the social arch : if it is pulled away the entire structure must collapse.

Those who accuse the Australians of acting in a purely selfish, dog-in-the-manger fashion, have not considered this fact. Nor have they remembered what advantages the Australians have foregone, nor what risks they have run, for the sake of their ideal. It needs no expert to see how much more easily they might have developed their country by native labour. The sugar-growing industry on the tropical coast of Queensland was first developed in that way, by the use of kanakas from the islands. When the White Australia policy was finally decided on, it was necessary either to enable the cane-growers to pay a white man's wage, or to see the industry ruined and the Queensland coast depopulated. An Australian government could not hesitate : protective duties were imposed which tripled the price of sugar, and the people

consented, and paid the price. The result was not all loss : it led to the biggest colonizing success the Australians have ever achieved : the only settlement in the world of a tropical country by white men. They must be glad of it now. But the exclusion of native labour has delayed the general development of the tropical North for decades—perhaps for centuries. The Queensland experiment proved the possibility of developing it with white labour : and also that such development would be a slow, difficult and costly business. As it is, the North remains undeveloped : an immense stretch of country, populated by cattle and a few blackfellows, with half-a-dozen minor ports round its seaboard : its “bush” untouched, its communications rudimentary, and distant by 1,000 to 1,500 arid miles from the inhabited parts of the continent—a nightmare for a defending commander. But luckily it offers little opportunity or reward for a lightning offensive.

Such is the general situation of Australia and its people in this crisis of their fortunes. It would serve little purpose to try and assess the weight of the various military advantages or disadvantages of their position. I have outlined the essential facts, but too many of the necessary data are lacking to enable us to fill in the outline with any certainty. There is however, one advantage which ought to be mentioned. Now that the Japanese have entered the war, the Australians have more at stake than any other of the fighting nations. For them the war has become, in the most literal sense of the words, a struggle for national existence. The victory of Japan would certainly be followed by the destruction of the White Australia policy, and that would be followed, within a measurable number of years, by the disappearance of the Australian nation. “All they have and are” : their past labours, their present possessions, their hopes for the future, hinge on the defeat of Japan. If they have seemed unjustly to reproach us for not helping them, we must remember their appalling situation. Their own vigorous actions show that they realize it themselves. It needs no seer to perceive that they have been roused to a pitch of fighting effort which even they have never before attained. Prophecy is dangerous in war, but I will dare to prophesy that, if the Japanese attempt a serious invasion, then the bitterest and most merciless fighting of the war will take place on Australian soil : the Australian nation, if it must die, will die in battle.

F. J. DENNETT.



## WITH SIR WALTER SCOTT AFTER WATERLOO

**I**N 1815 Europe which had been liberated from a long nightmare found itself again suddenly gripped by the same terror. We can understand that feeling, though things moved quicker then. There was time for a child born in 1918 to reach legal manhood before Germany was again a deadly menace, but between Napoleon's first surrender and Waterloo, less than a full year passed, and three months then were enough to bring the deliverance of which after three years we are not yet in sight. Still, after reading what a notable observer wrote immediately after Waterloo, one must be struck by many likenesses of detail in a situation which in its large lines was essentially the same.

In March, 1815, nine months after "Waverley" was published, Walter Scott went to London and was being hugely fêted, just when news came in that Napoleon had left Elba. Perhaps not even our generation has lived through a time of such excitement as the next twelve or fourteen weeks. Early in July, a letter was shown to Scott, written by a famous Edinburgh surgeon from Brussels, where he had gone to lend a hand after Waterloo. "It set me on fire," Sir Walter said, and by the 27th he was on the road for Flanders—having agreed with Constable to write his impressions of what he saw on the Continent.

So his daily letters to Mrs. Scott took the form of epistles addressed to an imaginary group of persons. Among these were a spinster lady, sister and housekeeper to the supposed writer; a veteran officer on half-pay, a Presbyterian minister, and a laird with a taste for economics; he addressed his letters to each according to the choice of subject. Three young men, neighbours and kinsfolk, had the amazing luck to accompany one of the best known and best liked personages that these islands could produce, and to share his privileges. Probably at all times Scott himself was grand company; but it has to be allowed by us who know him only as his readers, that with him the display of brilliance is intermittent. He tends to be heavy and lengthy and tedious when he is not creative, and the opening letters of this series would be despised

by scores of journalists who have acquired the light touch; yet when it comes to the business of describing what actually happened at Waterloo, who could beat him? Whether his account be accurate or no, only military historians can say; but he gives a clear, moving and intelligible picture of that extremely complex and confusing thing, a battle on the grand scale, instinctively throwing in here and there the small individual touches which humanize and vitalise a narrative. But of course the lessons of that day's fighting have nothing to say to us; it was the triumph of close order, and squares such as withstood Napoleon's charging cuirassiers could now be mown down with a few machine guns. What remains of interest is the temper in which men fought on both sides, and here the novelist was in his element.

Why, in the first place, did the French so readily rise against a régime which in 1814 they had accepted with relief, after Napoleon's first surrender, when

Buonaparte's Government had of late become odious to the bulk of the people, by the pressure of taxation, by the recurring terrors of the proscription but, above all, by the repeated disasters which the nation had latterly sustained?

A constitutional charter went with the restoration—but there were fears; the emigrant noblesse and the clergy both had pretensions which menaced much that was guaranteed by the constitution. Scott showed at least tolerance for whatever could claim a feudal origin and could see a cause of indulgence for the old landlords: but he had none for so much of the Catholic doctrine as he regarded as superstitious. Yet neither the fear of lay nor of clerical reaction seemed very decisive to him: the cause was other. Many men who had been at most in moderate opposition to the rule of Louis XVIII were swept into Napoleon's camp by "the frank and universal adhesion of the army to the commander under whom they had so often conquered." Scott writes more fully:

No man ever better understood both how to gain and how to maintain himself in the hearts of his soldiers than Buonaparte. Brief and abrupt in his speech, austere and inaccessible in his manners to the rest of his subjects, he was always ready to play the *bon camarade* with his soldiers, to listen to their compliments, to redress their grievances and even to receive their suggestions.

This accessibility was limited to the privates and inferior officers. To the mareschals and generals he was even more distant and haughty than to his other subjects. Thus he connected himself intimately and personally with the main body of the army itself, but countenanced no intermediate favourite, whose popularity among the troops might interfere with his own.

How far this would apply to Hitler's line of conduct, it would be interesting to know ; but unquestionably every military leader of those times was physically nearer his men than is to-day possible. Scott says that when the word to charge was given at Waterloo, "Headed by the Duke of Wellington himself, with his hat in his hand, the line advanced with the utmost spirit and rapidity." Napoleon was never so close to the front but his presence in the field was known to every man in both armies ; and the news of his flight was decisive. From how far in the rear does Hitler issue orders or encouragements ?

Sir Walter observes acutely that many of the soldiers who were in the French army during 1814-15 had been prisoners of war during precisely those campaigns when Buonaparte's prestige was waning ; they knew him, not by the Russian disasters, but as the victor of Marengo, Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland and Wagram. Hitler has one great advantage in the lapse of time. Germany we may be sure remembers well the triumph that German pride dwells on with pleasure, and is separated by a generation from the hours of collapse in 1918.

It is curious to read that Scott, living in his own Border neighbourhood, had many chances to judge of French opinion ; the villages about Melrose were full of French officers, prisoners of war, who in those Arcadian times lived on parole, free to move about within certain limits, free to converse, free to speak their minds. Admitting that wireless and aviation have increased the dangers of such freedom, still one asks whether the very principle of parole would now be accepted by either side. Certainly Sir Walter would have deplored the disappearance of an institution which kept alive the tradition of chivalry.

But in Scott's account of the engagement at Ligny, where on the eve of Waterloo Napoleon drove back the Prussian force under Blücher, traits appear that belong to the most brutish periods of warfare. Each side approached the other raging with hate.

The Prussians of our time will never forget or forgive the series of dreadful injuries inflicted by the French upon their country after the defeat of Jena. The plunder of their peaceful hamlets, with every inventive circumstance which the evil passions of lust, rapine and cruelty could suggest, the murder of the father or the husband because 'the *pékin* looked dangerous,' when he beheld his property abandoned to rapine, his wife and neighbours to violation, and his children to wanton slaughter—such were the tales which the Prussian Land-wehr told over their watch fires to whet each other's appetite for revenge. The officers and men of rank thought of the period when Prussia had been blotted out of the book of nations.

What Prussian *pékins* (army slang for civilians) suffered from uncontrolled soldiery is very small compared with what Germany has in cold deliberation inflicted on the Poles. Up to the present it remains possible for Laval and for Admiral Darlan to represent the Germans in France as honourable conquerors ; but France may yet see fighting of a very ugly spirit. At all events, in 1815, if Sir Walter was accurately informed, the Prussians before the action at Ligny announced that they would give and receive no quarter, and two of the French divisions not only hoisted the black flag to show the same intention but mutilated prisoners whom they had taken.

The account of Waterloo is not sullied by any such savageries. But when the battle which shall decide the fate of Europe in our time comes to be fought, it is little likely that it will be fought only by the English-speaking on the side which Germany must face—or that all Germany's actions in power will be forgotten by those who suffered.

Scott's personal observation of the Prussian troops when they had conquered was not unfavourable. The war was not definitely over when he and his companions took the road from Brussels to Paris ; Valenciennes was still at least nominally resisting ; Cambrai had only recently been carried by the British, and St. Maxime by the Prussians ; and at Chantilly the town was crowded with "young lads, chiefly landwehr or militia, who seemed all frolicsome and no doubt mischievous. . . . But so far as I could see there was no ill-nature much less atrocity in their behaviour, which was rather that of victorious schoolboys."

In Paris itself Sir Walter is not so good a companion as on the high road—and incomparably less sure of himself than on



the battlefield. He liked Frenchmen as such, he admired the French character ; but Paris was evidently to him something distinct from France ; artificial, less a direct outcome of French nature. He emphasizes that through France at large country interests dominate ; and the countryman has his sympathy (even when he persists in keeping his cattle enclosed instead of letting them pasture at large !). But in Paris we find him elaborate in description of magnificences, to all of which memory of an overbearing greatness was allied. "No building among the splendid monuments of Paris but is marked with the name or device or insignia of an emperor whose power seemed as deeply founded as it was widely extended." Yet already masons were at work to efface some of these signatures—such as sculptures about the Car of Victory in the Place de la Concorde which represented the Austrian Emperor cap in hand, a suppliant before Buonaparte. Even those ornaments which were less provocative were liable to sudden ruin, and there is a real *cri du cœur* when after seeing a noted example of destruction, he thanks fortune that "the beauties with which Nature herself has graced our country are more imperishable than those with which the wealth and power of the house of Bourbon once decorated the abode of Chantilly."

Still, Paris interested him, even when it provoked. He was amused to find that not even Napoleon had dared to introduce the novelty of a pavement on each side of the street ; the Parisian, he declares, if you praise the safety of English side walks, will answer that such arrangements may suit English taste—but "*pour moi, j'aime la totalité de la rue.*" Evidently Scott's French was good enough to appreciate the flavour of a characteristic phrase. He notes the reply to an Englishman's recital of Louis XVIII's amiable qualities—to all of which assent was given. "*Mais après tout, monsieur, il faut avouer qu'un roi qui ne peut monter à cheval est un bien chétif animal.*" He was able to discuss with men of all sorts and conditions the question which some day will need to be tackled in quite another country. Napoleon had helped himself to illustrious works of art wherever he conquered (and where did he not conquer ?). Hitler has done the same, though perhaps not with quite the same outlook. The *Herrenvolk*, so far as we know, are considered entitled to take what they desire wherever they have power to do so, their own virtues making the sole limit to what

inconvenience may be inflicted on the less well-born. Frenchmen under Napoleon, and indeed not only under Napoleon, have considered that all works of art were seen to most advantage when seen in Paris. Not even Germans have come to regard Berlin as the natural centre for literary or artistic pilgrimage; but Scott recognised that the French laid themselves out to create this feeling about Paris by "affording every possible means to the public of enjoying the collections of curiosities or of scientific objects, instead of rendering them sources of profit to some obscure pensioner; and that even greater facilities were afforded to strangers than to natives." He believed also that Napoleon deliberately planned to "furnish a topic of consolation to those Parisians whose sons perhaps had fallen in battle," when he caused scientists and connoisseurs to accompany his armies for the direction of pillage which should enrich the treasures of France's capital. Hitler, indeed, may have made the same calculation; and certainly when Germany is occupied, as France was in 1815, a similar day of reckoning and restitution will be necessary—and it is not likely that there will be the indulgence which was shown after Buonaparte's first surrender. Sir Walter thinks that this conduct of the allies in 1814 showed "less wisdom or justice than magnanimity"; but he ignores the fact that Paris was able then, as Paris has remained able, to impose on Europe an admiration closely allied to enjoyment. Doubtless many of those who were responsible for that "magnanimity" thought it not unsatisfactory that the centre to which they looked for the chief seat of exceptional pleasures should remain lavishly furnished with means to gratify their taste. Berlin will not be so protected. Who ever wanted to go to Berlin as millions have wanted to go to Paris?

The Letters describe what I take to be widely forgotten—attempts made to organise an almost lunatic resistance to the occupation. These "threatened death and devastation to each royalist, or rather to property and all its possessions." In Scott's judgment the firmness of the National Guards saved the city at a moment when "the first example of plunder would have been followed both by the populace and by the foreigners." It was no small theme of pride for a Scotsman that the "difficult task of disbanding and reorganising the remnants, namely, of the old imperial army," was entrusted to a Scot. Marshal MacDonald's father had been one of

Charles Edward's supporters in 1745 and so was for life an exile ; his son grew up a Frenchman, and a great soldier.

The foreign troops were, of course, under their recognised commanders, but were a strangely mixed array. Hungarians were conspicuous among the Austrian contingent—and much admired for their appearance. Cossacks of the Russian Guard were also highly decorative, but among the Russian irregulars, whom the French at least also classed as Cossacks, were Tartars with sheepskin-cloaks, shields made of dried hides, and for a final touch, armed with bow and arrow. Paris called them "the Northern Cupids," but was hardly less diverted by the singularity of Highland costume—about which no doubt they were facetious in a way which Scott is too discreet to chronicle. Prussians were to be seen everywhere, newly clothed at the expense of France, and indulging themselves at Parisian restaurants with a lavishness quite impossible on ordinary Prussian pay. It seems that Wellington had to make it very clear that English officers could not be allowed to assume the same privileges.

Perhaps the most significant note in the chapter on armies concerns the highly spectacular displays of military pomp which were afforded. "I never," says Sir Walter, "saw above a hundred Frenchmen, and those of the very lowest order, looking on at these exhibitions. This is the strongest sign that they taste the gall in all its bitterness."

About religion he writes (to his imaginary Minister of the Gospel) that though it had "left for some time an absolute blank in France," the churches in Flanders were full of people ; and he records with pleasure the sight of two Sisters of Charity taking some twenty children to service as part of the training which they gave. "The rites and solemnities of the Catholic Church," which he attended, made less impression on his mind than he had expected. A note of his implies that the Church's cause might have been better served by persecution than by indifference.

When Rome was stormed in 1527, the chief amusement of the reformed German soldiers was insulting the rites of the Roman religion and ridiculing the persons of their clergy. But in 1815 when the conquering armies of two protestant kingdoms marched from Brussels to Paris, the idea of showing scorn or hatred to the Catholic religion never occurred to any individual soldier. I would gladly ascribe this to the punctuality of discipline ; but enough

was done, by the Prussians at least, to show that that consideration alone would not have held back their hands, had they felt any temptation to insult the French through the medium of their religion. But this does not seem to have appeared to them a vulnerable point, and not a crucifix or image was touched, or a frame of painted glass broken, that we could see or hear of upon the route.

He is shocked because an Imperial catechism issued in France taught that disloyalty to the Emperor would be punished in the next world as well as here, but adds that a Prussian catechism for the use of soldiers, printed in 1800 at Breslau, taught *mutatis mutandis* exactly the same. His chief concern was lest Louis XVIII, whose devotion was unquestioned, should do harm to his own cause, and to that of Christianity, by zeal for restoring the possessions of the Church. There was uneasiness not only among liberals who feared the re-imposition of tithes and the restoration of church lands, but also among the French Protestants who had got from Buonaparte "the first public indulgence which had been extended to them since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes"—and feared lest it should be withdrawn.

This authority is better worth listening to when he compares the French character with the English. He had found that when a Frenchman was taxed with the general decay of morality in his country, the answer came promptly that crimes and breaches of the law were much less common than among the moral Anglo-Saxons. Scott admits this :

The amusements and habits of the lower orders are, on all occasions of ordinary occurrence, more quiet, peaceable and orderly than those of the lower English. There are no quarrels in the street ; intoxication is rarely practised even by the lowest of the people, and when assembled for the purpose of public amusement they observe a good-natured politeness to each other for which certainly our countrymen are not remarkable.

But he goes on to affirm that when the restraint of custom is broken, an English mob remains goodnatured, even if it becomes noisy ; the French turn savage. In short, in France fundamental morality is lacking ; that is his answer to the question why "with the richest soil and the most cultivated understanding, a people brave even to a fault, kind-tempered,



gay and formed for happiness, has been for twenty years the plague of each other and of Europe."

The last of these epistles naturally discussed the means by which France should be brought into a more amenable disposition, for the meeting of "National Representatives" was then impending. Scott asks why, when the country at large desired peace almost at any price, it was necessary to expect contest between two violent political factions—each ready to risk even a fresh revolution. His answer is that in England voters were accustomed to elect men pretty much like themselves, whereas in France all candidates were chosen from the professional politicians whose motives and methods were peculiar to themselves. As well, he said, expect citizens when they chose a person for repairing the town clock to understand the methods by which he must go about it.

On the contrary the class in England upon whom the election of parliament devolves is trained to the task by long habit, by being freeholders, members of common councils, vestries and other public bodies, and by hearing business of a public nature discussed upon all occasions, whether of business or pleasure, and are thereby habituated to consider themselves as members of the body politic.

His conclusion was that time and experience will be needed before France can profit like England by use of the representative system. How much has Germany learnt by its period of experiment? For that matter, can we argue from the case of France, where democratic principles have had a century and more of trial, that the same methods will make the salvation of Germany?

STEPHEN GWYNN.

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God alone can satisfy the soul: and all that it can desire it will find in Him. The soul finds peace in Him, for He is the Supreme Beauty, the Supreme Power, the Supreme Wisdom, a Good Ineffable which none can fully appreciate: only God can comprehend and judge Himself. He can and will satisfy all the aspirations of the soul that strips itself of the world and will be clothed with Him. . . . I would have you use all these passing and temporal things as something lent, but not really belonging to you. The way to obtain this is by detaching your heart from them.

(St. Catherine of Siena. Letter 331.)

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## THE FALLING BIRTH-RATE AND FAMILY LIMITATION

ONLY the mean-spirited enjoy seeing forebodings come true, and the situation which provoked a recent correspondence in the *Times* will cause deep sorrow to Catholics. But there is some consolation in knowing that the public is at last awakening to some appreciation of the dangers which we have incurred so much odium by pointing out. Vainly we have pleaded that in denouncing family-limitation we were not talking theology but only mathematics. The League of National Life pointed out years ago that if the birth-rate remained at the present level of 14 per 1,000, our population will have shrunk in 100 years from 41,000,000 to 20,000,000, but if fertility continues to decline the figure may be only 4,500,000. If the birth-rate of 25 years ago be considered normal we are losing something like 100,000 children a year. From the national point of view the issue is quite clear. We are destroying our own race as certainly as, though perhaps more slowly than, our bitterest enemies could wish.

It is true that a dwindling population was at one time held up to us by "eugenic" writers and by a whole school of economists as a cure for unemployment and a guarantee of a high standard of life and happiness for everyone. The argument was never wholly convincing, but assuming it was correct, one important factor was omitted. What chance would such a diminished population have of being left in peace to enjoy its share-out of the national wealth? No one in his senses can now doubt that it could survive only as a slave race, bound to perpetual toil for its more virile conquerors.

Whatever the issue of the present war, the future is lost unless Britain can raise its reproduction rate. A little consideration will show that the longer this is put off the harder it will be to effect. A diminishing population is also a population getting relatively older. Every year the working adults (the group between 15 and 65) have to support a larger number of helpless aged dependents. With this burden the State as a whole, and individual parents, are every year less likely to have money to spare for more children! Yet more

children we must have if the country is to survive. It is calculated that in 30 years—time the percentage of children under 14 in the population will have fallen from 22 per cent. to 10 per cent. if the present birth-rate continues. Humanly speaking it will then be too late.

How has this land-slide come about? This is important for us to know, for it is futile to hope for improvement unless the causes are understood. The obvious answer that the world is suffering from deliberate violation of a law of God does not give the whole story. There has, for one thing, undoubtedly been a general fall in fertility not due to deliberate family limitation. Personally I cannot see the picture in terms of contrasted black and white, with all birth-controllers inspired by lust and selfishness and all parents of unrestricted families as angels of light. One has to remember that the world on which the knowledge of effective methods of contraception burst was full of disharmonies and perplexities. For one thing there was too often a complete lack of consideration for the wife, who could not secure a reasonable rest between the births of her children. I do not of course mean that the bearing and rearing of even very large families is not compatible with good health and well-being. I do mean that if a woman *in fact* became exhausted there was no respite and no mercy for her. Moreover, the large family of Victorian days was too closely bound up with miserably underpaid and overworked domestic help among the middle-classes, and with squalor, semi-starvation, and child-labour among the poor. In the opinion of many shrewd observers, the raising of the wage-earning age, surely an excellent thing in itself, has played a very important part in extending the practice of family limitation among the workers.

Of unemployment, there should be no need to speak. Public opinion was vehement about the wickedness of raising a family on "the dole," but thousands of the men who are bravely facing death for their country now had no alternative to the dole. Please heaven, we shall be given the wisdom to prevent dilemmas of this sort arising again! But let us recognise what a miraculous opportunity for escape from intolerable situations contraceptives provided for these overburdened people. It is little wonder that those who did not accept (and had probably never heard of) Catholic doctrine, refused to believe that the remedy would ultimately prove worse than the disease.

But among the middle and upper classes, especially after the last war, the position was rather different, the temptation was more subtle and the corruption deeper. Among the underlying motives good and bad were inextricably mingled. Young husbands and wives often desired to maintain the standard of comfort and amusement each had enjoyed before marriage. Sometimes a wife wanted to continue a career, but this is a much less frequent factor than is imagined. The sophisticated easily fell for pseudo-eugenics and phoney-economics and were persuaded that they were doing a good deed in keeping children out of an over-populated world. But in so far as my observation goes, it is quite genuine family affection that has in the main wrought family destruction. The young husband did not want to see his wife swamped by what they both considered squalid drudgery. Both parents felt a real duty to provide a prosperous future for the children, and success—the only sort of success for which they cared—lay through the portals of expensive schools. And above all, the most dangerous lesson their generation learned was that in every walk of life the families with the fewest children could give them most advantages and could maintain the highest material standards. Landlords discovered that childless couples had most money to spare for rent and began to cater for them to the exclusion of large families. Social life even for the bourgeoisie came to mean sherry parties and a car and a small expensive labour-saving flat into which the most optimistic could not cram more than two babies. The convenient moment for the third baby, and even more certainly for the fourth baby, which the statisticians demanded, just never arrived. And so, naturally speaking, we are where we are.

Indeed these unhappy parents who have sent this troubled nation so far along the road to slavery or extinction deserve forgiveness, for they knew not what they did. It seemed so humane and sensible to talk of "wanted" children and to postpone conception till the child could be given "security" and a good start in life. Prudence and self-restraint and foresight are very desirable virtues in parents as in the rest of us. But few people foresaw that the war would make a mockery of carefully laid plans for the future and would reduce rich and poor alike to a common level of insecurity, as regards life and possessions. Even if the war had never occurred, over-carefulness would have defeated its own object. It



rarely occurred to the modern mind, apparently, that this pretentious planning for a normal happening was opposed to the fundamental texture of life. Human existence is and always has been so uncertain that if births are not taken as a normal part of marriage, people will become more and more afraid of the responsibility of having babies at all. One has seen elaborate schemes, arranging for perfectly normal young couples to consult doctors, almoners, health visitors, clergy, as to when and why and even how they should produce children. The distinguished headmasters who wrote to the *Times* pointing out that in a survey of 107 public and secondary schools, it was found that 20.05 per cent. of the boys were only children and 38 per cent. were only sons, do not seem to think the result of all this family planning is satisfactory. "We need to be re-awakened; we need to purge away the false teachings on which for the last quarter of a century we have been fed, and we need to return to a simple trust in God and in the future of our country."

Now how can the Catholic community best help to retrieve a situation we were powerless to avert? The best propaganda is the dispassionate assertion and re-assertion of the truth. This we suggest is the wisest course in this great crisis. We shall however obtain a much better hearing if we put our own house in order as regards both theory and practice. In the first place we should, I think, display more sympathy to those bewildered and unhappy people who either did not know the moral law, or if they did know it found the keeping beyond their strength. Surely it behoves every Catholic *as such*, irrespective of party or nationality, to support actively measures for the diminution of poverty and for communal aids to parenthood. I doubt if this logical corollary to Catholic doctrine on family limitation is always fully recognised.

We can never hope to bribe people to have children, and part of the re-orientation of the national outlook should be a frank recognition that people with many children will have less cash to spare for extras than those with few or none. No juggling with family allowances or income-tax exemptions can get over that. Children are a form of wealth in themselves. We can also see that the child "brings its income with it," so to speak, and that the situation is no longer intolerable for the really needy.

It is remarkable how life in a community tends to mould itself to the inevitable. If parents are determined to have

larger families it will not be long before landlords and school-masters begin to make provision for them, and social life re-shapes itself in a different but no less happiness-producing form.

To return to our specifically Catholic responsibility—are Catholics in the privileged classes always free from that educational snobbery which has tended to make large families so burdensome? Again, does our much-prized Catholic education ensure that Catholic women are pre-eminent in the arts conveniently summed up as “mothercraft”? I would urge that large neglected families full of vermin, rickets and juvenile crime are a scandal and a stumbling block to neighbours not of the Faith. Is the Catholic husband always properly instructed about the duty of consideration for his wife and what that may involve?

Finally let us be quite clear that a deliberate evasion of the honour of parenthood creates a problem, quite apart from any question of the use of artificial contraceptives. It is not for me to discuss moral responsibility and degrees of guilt, but I do consider that it is a pity we have so little to say about the evils of late marriages, which if accepted as normal in a social system are devastating to the life of the community and may be very similar in their results to the use of birth-control. And what about the interest (which seems to some doctors as quite excessive) displayed by many Catholics in the “safe period”? It is not my business to compare the morality of a well-to-do Catholic couple who restrict their children to one or two by this method, with that of a Protestant couple who do precisely the same thing by the use of contraceptives; but I feel personally some difficulty in upholding the superior position of my co-religionists.

The experience of the League of National Life, which never had much Catholic support, and faded away with the outbreak of war, showed that it is possible though difficult to make a “united front” on population question with non-Catholics. The great obstacle is the medical “hard case,” for few people who do not accept the whole Catholic position can see why an exception should not be made where there is a genuine risk to the health of the mother. It is to be hoped that a growing realisation of the urgency of the danger will bring the closest possible co-operation between all men of goodwill and clear vision.

Since the above article was written a White Paper on the "Current Trend of Population in Great Britain" has been published. It is not easy reading but it provides some important data, not hitherto obtainable. The sensational prophecies of a rapid fall in the population are discounted, on the assumption that the fall in the birth-rate which continued down to the year 1933 has ceased and that the rate would remain steady at about 15 per 1,000, as it has done for six years.

It must be remembered that this White Paper was composed before the war and no allowance has been made in its calculations for the effect of the death of young men early in the reproductive period, nor of the separation of families, nor of the probable economic depression in post-war years. The writer estimates that, owing to the peculiar age constitution of the present population, there should be a slight increase until 1961, when the peak will be reached. "That does not mean that a future decline is unlikely. The birth-rate since 1923 has been definitely insufficient to maintain a stationary population." Only 75 per cent. of the full standard reproduction rate is being attained. "The population of the country," it is stated, "would be maintained in perpetuity at or near its present level if it were constantly recruited by a number of births in the region of 700,000 per annum, the number that is being registered at the present time." But as the number of the women at reproductive ages is falling (and an increasing percentage of them must remain unmarried owing to war losses) births can be maintained at the 700,000 per annum level only if fertility increase, i.e., if each woman has a larger family. The writer of the White Paper points out that a decline in population can be to some extent arrested by an improvement in mortality rates, but it must be remarked that would only lead to a relatively older nation, with less of the dynamic quality of youth.

LETTIA FAIRFIELD, C.B.E., M.D., D.P.H.

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This allows us to sum up our impressions of Christ in the one word that the great Genoese mystic, St. Catherina Fiesca Adorna, used to express all that she beheld in God—*nettezza*. The interior life of Jesus offers the most beautiful picture of the pure fulness of the Divine Being that it has ever been man's privilege to behold. The riches of the Gospels, in so far as we can summarize them, find their order, balance and completeness in the incomparable limpidity of his soul.

(Léonce de Grandmaison, S.J. "Jesus Christ.")

## A CATHOLIC SOLDIER POET

JOYCE KILMER (1887-1918)

**J**UST after the last war I bought as a publisher's remainder the collected works in two volumes of Joyce Kilmer. The name caught my eye one sunny afternoon when it was too hot to do more than gaze idly into shop windows. I had heard vaguely of a Catholic American poet of that name who had been killed in the war, and I thought I would sample his work, especially as the price demanded for it was not high. How delighted I was with the two volumes, prose and poetry,<sup>1</sup> when I came to read them, and how astonished that Kilmer was not better known! Now he seems to be in the news again, so perhaps he may win a wider popularity. The recent death of his wife recalled his memory and a film of to-day depicted him reciting some of his own poems. More recently still there was news of his son following his father's footsteps and joining the American army, and to complete the revival Messrs. Duckworth have published a selection from his poetry called "Trees and other poems." It is the first publication in England of a book of his verse, and contains about a third of his output. It could not have appeared at a more opportune moment since we are once more fighting for the ideals which Kilmer expressed so eloquently and for which he died.

It was on July 30th, 1918, that Sergeant Joyce Kilmer of the 165th Infantry Battalion, American Expeditionary Force, was found with a German bullet through his brain; he had volunteered for duty that day and had met his death attempting to locate a nest of German machine-guns. It was a characteristic end, for Kilmer was the soul of honour and generosity. He had crowded a great deal into his thirty-one years of life. Born of Episcopalian parents at New Brunswick, he distinguished himself neither at school nor at the University except for pugnacity and impecuniosity. On leaving the University he married Miss Aline Murray and taught Latin for a year at a High School. Then he migrated to New York and was rapidly in turn editor of a veterinary magazine,

<sup>1</sup> Hodder & Stoughton, 1918. Memoir prefixed by Robert Cortes Holliday. I am indebted to this for the account of Kilmer's life.



salesman in a bookshop and editorial assistant on the *Standard Dictionary*. He stayed at this last useful apprenticeship for two years in the course of which he published his first volume of poems, made some literary friends and preached socialism. On the completion of the dictionary he was made literary editor of a paper called *The Churchman*, and his reviews attracted so much attention that he was soon on the staff of *The New York Times*.

That was in 1912 and by August of the next year he had won further notice by the most widely known of all his poems, "Trees." Though later he seemed to look on these early efforts merely as the exercises of an amateur, there is in "Trees" the touch of originality and the purity of diction that were to be characteristic of his later work. Already too there are indications of a spiritual outlook in such couplets as

A tree that looks at God all day,  
And lifts her leafy arms to pray

or—

Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a tree.

What is this but the argument from design in imaginative form? Because the thought is here, as later, crystal clear to the ordinary reader it is not necessarily shallow, any more than is the thought of Tennyson in many of his poems that have the same limpidity. According to Kilmer himself "Pennies" was his first genuine poem. He compares the rapture of the child in throwing down pennies and picking them up again with God's action in depriving us of fame, health, and money in order that He may give us better gifts.

Lo, comfort blooms on pain, and peace on strife,  
And gain on loss.

What is the key to Everlasting Life?  
A blood-stained Cross.

The year 1913 was an important one for Kilmer in other ways than the publication of "Trees" and "Pennies." His infant daughter was stricken with infantile paralysis, and his biographer states that it was this affliction that led him to the Church. Before the end of the year he and all his family had become Catholics. Later he was fond of saying that he liked to think he had always been a Catholic. His biographer declares that "once a Catholic, there never was any possibility of mistaking Kilmer's point of view; in all matters of religion, art, economics and politics, as well as in all matters

of faith and morals, his point of view was obviously and unhesitatingly Catholic." He would never discuss the steps which led to his conversion, and it was only by accident that friends discovered that he was a daily communicant. His letters fully bear out what his biographer says as to the quality of his Catholicity and to the new view it gave him of his art.

It is not surprising then that many of his poems from now onwards are on religious themes such as "The Annunciation," "The Visitation," "The Robe of Christ." Others seek "to give the charm of novelty to things of every day," but they are not the things of Nature as in Wordsworth's case; they are rather the homeliest features of an urban environment such as "Gates and Doors," "Roofs," "Alarm Clocks" and "The Twelve-Forty-Five." Kilmer was a townsman to the core and his strong and restlessly energetic nature was ideally suited to the hectic rush of journalistic life in New York. Yet all the time he had the poet's sensibility to every new experience and the poet's power to transmute it into beauty. His biographer narrates how once when he was waiting with Kilmer for the midnight train and feeling disgusted and miserable, his companion suddenly exclaimed, "I certainly do like railroad stations! They are fine places." This may have been the germ of "The Twelve-Forty-Five" which opens with the following lines:

Within the Jersey City shed  
The engine coughs and shakes its head.  
The smoke, a plume of red and white,  
Waves madly in the face of night.  
And now the grave incurious stars  
Gleam on the groaning hurrying cars.  
Against the kind and awful reign  
Of darkness, this our angry train,  
A noisy little rebel, pouts  
Its brief defiance, flames and shouts—  
And passes on, and leaves no trace.

The whole poem is full of the most sensitive imagery and the poet shows a complete mastery of simple, expressive language that is as musical as it is exact. Perhaps another short extract may be permitted:

Not wantonly we break the rest  
Of town and village, nor do we  
Lightly profane night's sanctity.  
What Love commands the train fulfils,  
And beautiful upon the hills  
Are these our feet of burnished steel.

Subtly and certainly I feel  
 That Glen Rock welcomes us to her  
 And silent Ridgewood seems to stir  
 And smile, because she knows the train  
 Has brought her children back again.  
 We carry people home—and so  
 God speeds us wheresoe'er we go.

Kilmer's greatest feat of virtuosity was his poem "Delicatessen." This was composed for a wager to prove that poetry might be written about almost anything. The subject was thrown out as a challenge by his editor and gaily accepted by Kilmer. It is of course a *tour de force* but it shows his poetic ingenuity and command of words. The concluding stanzas introduce a deeper note :

This man has home and child and wife  
 And battle set for every day.  
 This man has God and love and life ;  
 These stand, all else shall pass away.

O Carpenter of Nazareth,  
 Whose mother was a village maid,  
 Shall we, Thy children, blow our breath  
 In scorn on any humble trade ?

Have pity on our foolishness  
 And give us eyes, that we may see  
 Beneath the shopman's clumsy dress  
 The splendour of humanity.

Three weeks after America declared war, Kilmer was in the Army and manœuvring to get out to the front as early as possible. Once there, he appeared to find little time either for reading or writing poetry and in fact his whole attitude towards literature seemed to undergo revision. It was no longer the all-important thing he once thought it. His letters from the front are mostly concerned with family affairs. Yet occasionally there are references to literature, and to poetry in particular. He writes, "To tell the truth, I am not at all interested in writing nowadays except in so far as writing is the expression of something beautiful. And I see daily and nightly the expression of beauty in action instead of words, and I find it more satisfactory." Or again he refers to the effect of the war on poetry and hopes "that contemporary poetry is reflecting the virtues which are blossoming on the blood-soaked soil of this land—courage, and self-abnegation, and love, and faith—this last not faith in some abstract goodness, but faith which God Himself

founded and still rules." Finally in a letter to his wife apropos of one of her own books he says, "You see the Catholic Faith is such a thing that I'd rather write moderately well about it than magnificently well about anything else. It is more important, more beautiful, more necessary than anything else in life."

Kilmer wrote only five poems in France. They are five of his best. It is natural to compare him with Rupert Brooke—in particular his "Prayer of a Soldier in France" with Brooke's "The Soldier." That he admired Brooke is evident from the elegy he wrote on him: strange that we should think of both of them as soldier poets though Brooke like Kilmer wrote only five war poems. Kilmer sounds much deeper notes of spirituality than Brooke and his vision is wider than that of his own country. If one compares their respective war poetry, it seems to me they illustrate very clearly that, other things being equal, the gift of the Faith makes the work of the Catholic necessarily more searching and profound than that of a non-Catholic poet. It makes it also more inspiring and more encouraging. Kilmer himself has some excellent remarks on this point in his best prose piece, an essay on the poetry of Hilaire Belloc: "But there is something more democratic than wine or love or war. That thing is Faith. And Hilaire Belloc's part in increasing the sum of the world's beauty would not be the considerable thing it is were it not for his Faith. It is not that (like Dante Gabriel Rossetti) he is attracted by the Church's pageantry and wealth of legend. To Hilaire Belloc the pageantry is only incidental, the essential thing is his Catholic faith. He writes convincingly about Our Lady and St. Joseph and the Child Jesus because he himself is convinced. He does not delve into medieval tradition in quest of picturesque incidents, he merely writes what he knows to be true. His Faith furnishes him with the theme for those of his poems which are most likely to endure; his Faith gives him the 'rapture of an inspiration.' His Faith enables him as it has enabled many another poet, to see 'in the lamp that is beauty, the light that is God.'"

These words might with equal force and truth be applied to Kilmer's own work. His last poems show that his sensitive soul had been ennobled by the fiery ordeal of war. The old economy of phrase is still there, so is the clarity of thought, but the vision and emotion have been perfected by suffering. Nowhere does this enhanced nobility appear more con-



spicuously than in his very last poem, "The Peacemaker." How compact and manly and triumphant it is! It is the paradox of the meek inheriting the earth, and of death that is swallowed up in victory; yet the theme has seldom been expressed more beautifully.

Upon his will he binds a radiant chain,  
For Freedom's sake he is no longer free.  
It is his task, the slave of Liberty,  
With his own blood to wipe away a stain.  
That pain may cease, he yields his flesh to pain.  
To banish war, he must a warrior be.  
He dwells in Night, eternal Dawn to see,  
And gladly dies, abundant life to gain.

What matters Death, if Freedom be not dead?  
No flags are fair, if Freedom's flag be furled.  
Who fights for Freedom goes with joyful tread  
To meet the fires of Hell against him hurled,  
And has for captain Him whose thorn-crowned head  
Smiles from the Cross upon a conquered world.

This was no mere product of Kilmer's brain. It was a true reflection of his inmost self. In one of his last letters he lays bare the aspirations of his fine manly soul in the words, "Pray that I may love God more. It seems to me that if I can learn to love God more passionately, more constantly, without distractions, that absolutely nothing else can matter. Except when we are in the trenches I receive Holy Communion every morning so it ought to be all the easier for me to attain this object of my prayers. I got Faith you know by praying for it. I hope to get Love the same way." If our young Catholic soldiers are looking for a laureate I know of no one who would more worthily fill the office.

JOSEPH W. DUNNE.

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#### EDITORIAL NOTE

All contributions submitted to the Editor must be typed and be accompanied by a sufficiently large stamped addressed envelope—stamps (or Post Office coupons from abroad) alone will not suffice. Articles so submitted should be concerned with matters of general interest, and be the fruit of expert knowledge or original research. They should not ordinarily exceed 3,000 words, and must be intended for exclusive publication in the "Month," if accepted.

Literary Communications, Exchanges, and Books for Review should be addressed to The Editor of "The Month," 114 Mount Street, London, W.1, and not to the Publishers: Business Communications to The Manager, Manresa Press, Roehampton, London, S.W.15, who also receives subscriptions (14s. per annum post free).

## WHAT THEY FEEL ABOUT IT

### A SYMPOSIUM BY CATHOLIC CHAPLAINS

*By Chaplain R.N., Gerard Lake, B. J. Latchford, Peter Blaks,  
H. W. R. Lillie.*

[The following short articles have been contributed by Catholic chaplains serving to-day with His Majesty's Forces. They speak of the chaplain's many and varied problems and of the opportunities he is offered of doing valuable work for the spiritual welfare of officers and men. Naturally, each chaplain writes from his own experience, and there is no guarantee that such experience has been uniform. It would be unwise to generalise at all readily from these accounts though certain facts and problems will be seen to be common to them all.]

#### A CHAPLAIN Royal Navy writes as follows :

**T**HESE are mainly reflections on service in a squadron out of touch with civilian conditions. For one period of sixteen months, the ship's company scarcely saw a woman, and except for the cinema aboard and an occasional run ashore at pretty inhospitable places, there was little relaxation. Yet staleness was not a problem and the crop of cases for a medical psychologist was exceedingly small.

Under such circumstances, a chaplain can do valuable work. He need not be a hearty nor organize fun and games. Yet he will be valued because from his presence comes conversation that is neither trivial nor about the war and naval matters, and his influence, exercised almost unconsciously, can provide mental and humane relief from an exacting routine. It may be possible to run a debating society, or programmes of serious music, talks, answers to questions over the ship's broadcasting system. Without uplift, patronage, or proselytism, he can get Catholic truths across, truths that so many already believe. I recall a serious and dignified rendering of the last scene of *Hamlet* by the Royal Marines : a discussion on family allowances : an exposition of personal rights independent of the State.

But a Catholic priest is regarded first as a technician, and valued for his efficiency and absence of fuss.

Active service afloat demands great simplicity in religion,

both inside and outside. I mean something better than the bare minimum. A true poverty, an insistence on the essentials, on the sacraments rather than on pious practices, on prayer rather than on prayers.

Some practising Catholics find this difficult to take. - They expect Mass in surroundings as conventional as possible, and resist the idea of non-fasting Communion, which means not rarely that they have not been to Communion for months.

It seems almost impossible to make Mass and Holy Communion too simple and accessible. The sacraments, for all the awe and mystery, should be homely, human, even unpretentious. Food for the soul should be thought of before canon law and rubrics.

On great occasions the chaplain can go in for such pomp and ceremony as he can manage. Everybody will turn to and help ; the best space will be polished and be gay with signal flags and ensigns, the Hammer and Sickle may back the altar and the *Missa de Angelis* swing along accompanied by piano accordions. But for the rest, let the men stand around their priest in any convenient space, answer the parts of the Mass they know, and go to Holy Communion even if they have had their cocoa in the middle watch or their breakfast.

I have only praise and gratitude for the support and welcome a priest receives from naval authorities. In all possible conditions, a boat will be provided, and all his requirements met. But they appreciate absence of fuss : "all I want is a quiet corner for confessions and large enough space for Mass." Not rarely the Captain will turn out from his own cabin. Tribute should also be paid to the generosity and friendliness of the C. of E. chaplains, who take the Catholics as a personal responsibility and make arrangements for them to be ministered to.

The Service understands the technical neatness of a priest's work. He is in the ship or comes aboard for an objective and external job, as necessary as victualling or a boiler clean. Because of this his work, if physically more arduous, is psychologically less taxing than the work of a chaplain whose religion is of a less sacramental cast.

He can count on official support for the practice of religion. Furthermore, a commanding officer not only wants his Catholics to go to church, but frequently hopes that Mass will be offered in his ship. Special prayers for the success of an operation are appreciated : some teasing on the subject does not represent

incredulity. Thanksgiving for success, and the remembrance of those killed, including the enemy, meet a general wish.

As regards the interior life of religion, the same principles of simplicity, poverty, and unpretentiousness seem to apply. Prayer is the centre here : and direct, topical and practical instructions should be given. The Catholics should realize that on them lies a special obligation for the safety and happiness and honour of the ship. They should be taught the humility of confidence in God, the prayer of contrition, the offering of themselves just as they are, the *state* of looking to God. The priest must counteract the feeling that sin cannot be forgiven until they have seen him. He must have special care for those Catholics, stiff is the word for them, rather than slack, who were regular enough when supported by the apparatus of their parish, but who seem to lack spiritual robustness when they are left to themselves.

I think that the main temptation is to relapse into mere day to day routine, emptiness of mind and aimlessness of purpose. Compared with this, the more picturesque dangers that are supposed to beset a sailor, swearing and drinking and sexual intemperance, seem as relatively unimportant as the superstitions that are sometimes present in his religion. An occasional snorter of a sermon will be relished, but the chaplain's preaching should be **expository**, instructive, and directed to relieve the feeling of personal monotony, pointlessness, and irresponsibility. Sailors themselves, I think, feel no glamour about their work.

You may grow depressed by the endless chatter of silly swearing and the lack of care for things that are not private possessions, then suddenly an emergency will reveal a general capacity for self-sacrifice and devotion to duty, and the deepest and most delicate sympathy and tenderness for people who are hurt, all the more impressive because taken for granted.

Let me attempt a few generalizations based on a limited experience. First, the excellence as shipmates and as Catholics of the not inconsiderable number of long service men from Southern Ireland. The Warrant Officers, Chiefs and Petty Officers they produce are the Catholic backbone of the Navy. Many deserve a more reasonable and informed instruction in Catholic doctrine than they have received.

Secondly, a fact notable among "hostilities only" ratings is the good grounding in their religion of the men from Lancashire and Northumberland and Durham.



Thirdly, Catholics are far from being under-represented among the men undergoing punishment. There are reasons for this, unconnected with religion; yet rare must be the commander who thinks of Catholics as belonging to a righteous and law-abiding persuasion.

The proportion of Catholics is high, sometimes as much as a sixth of the company in a West Country ship. The average seems to be rather more than a tenth. Catholic officers are few, those who take their responsibilities seriously—often they belong to the medical branch—are invaluable.

Catholics, both officers and men, have been very well represented indeed in the honours lists, and a Catholic sailor has every reason to be, and on the whole in fact is, proud of his service and his religion.

One small point: there is a great demand for books and periodicals, rosaries, Cardinal's Crosses: but holy pictures, pamphlets, leaflets, and scapulars in my experience are so much waste.

**The Reverend Gerard Lake, S.J., C.F., serving with the Army, writes in the following manner:**

**T**HE combined Catholic populations of England, Scotland and Wales, as estimated in 1939 and as published in the Catholic Directory of this year, number just over three millions, that is to say less than 7% of the total populations; the proportion of Catholics in the British Army is over 10%. In that difference of percentages lies a chaplain's great and unique opportunity. It also sets a problem: the problem of explaining why it is that so many soldiers have gone for years without making their Easter duties; why so many men who have rarely missed their Sunday Mass have yet omitted to go to Confession or to receive Holy Communion at least once a year; why there is such a large crop of registry office marriages. You will talk to them and ask them about their home; they will tell you about their wives (and her picture is in every tunic pocket); how the children are getting on (I visited three little mites all in the bed in the kitchen and all with septic throats and managed to get them an extra milk allowance); what a grand chap Father X. is (do you know him, Father?); and then half humorously you say: "Is it a long time since you went to Confession? . . . Hundred years, fifty years?"

and in a large number of cases the reply is : " Oh no, Father, not as long as that ; only four years, etc." And then you say : " Well now, what about making your Confession if I make it for you, eh ? You just answer yes or no, and how often, and we'll run through the Commandments ? " Then you see in 99.9 cases out of a 100 what it means " to have the Faith " and not infrequently after it is all over he will say : " Well, Father, I would never have gone if you hadn't put it that way," and many a grand soldier has thanked you with tears in his eyes. " I haven't been since I left school, but I'll never let it go like that again." This shyness at going to Confession is often due to the fact that " I had forgotten how to go about it."

A revelation, too, is the natural easy way one can approach spiritual things with Catholic soldiers, and by soldiers I mean A.T.S. as well. Indeed they expect it from you and even suspect a lack of interest if you do not ultimately come round to the spiritual. Kindness of course is nearly always the only method of approach. (A Bombardier, impervious to all appeals, rediscovered the Church on learning from his wife that I had visited her in hospital.) They call you Father and they expect you to live up to the title. The teaspoonful of honey is still immeasurably more effective than an oceanful of vinegar. The average soldier has given up a great deal : his job, his career, his income, his independence, his personal freedom, his home, his comfort, his wife or his girl friend, and in consequence he appreciates the smallest kindness all the more and is quite exceptionally grateful.

It is very difficult to get the majority of soldiers to Holy Communion. One has to be so tactful in this matter and yet general exhortations are of little value. There is, of course, always the minority who would somehow get to Mass and the Sacraments no matter what the difficulties might be (as, for example, the Bombardier last week and the A.T.S. Sergeant who fasted until 11.30 a.m. Incidentally, this Bombardier at one time taught Lieut. James Ennis, whose carpet slippers suffered " irreparable harm " in the recent Commando raid on Boulogne !). Again, they rarely like to go to Holy Communion without having been to Confession immediately before—the two seem to be linked together and inseparable. This attitude, I am sure, is the expression of their deep reverence for the Blessed Sacrament. To me it seems that one of the greatest needs in the Army and outside

is something on the lines of the Knights of the Blessed Sacrament.

It would seem that after God the success of a chaplain's job depends on the amount of work he has put into it and this means that to a great extent it is only through personal contacts that anything enduring is accomplished. The writer made a point of never, if possible, leaving a soldier without inducing him to choose and read some Catholic book. Words cannot, of course, express the debt that we owe to the Catholic Truth Society. There is something for everybody in that armoury of the Faith. But just because it is doing an incomparable work for the soldiers, may one, perhaps, be allowed to suggest that many non-Catholic soldiers would read their publications but for the words "Catholic Truth Society" in large print on the outside cover. The bookstalls are crammed with pamphlets, these days, produced in every colour, shape and size. Their sales would, one feels, be considerably reduced if they boldly announced that they were published by the Communist Party or had written on the cover "Protestant Truth Society." They demurely announce their parentage, if at all, in modest print at the bottom of the last page. The C.T.S. reprints of Cobbett are easily my "best-sellers." He speaks a soldier's language.<sup>1</sup> In the spoken and written word soldiers appreciate the positive treatment of Catholicism; something that fires the imagination; something that helps them to see Catholicism as a desperate romance, a perilous and exciting adventure, "the equilibrium," to quote Chesterton, "of a man behind madly rushing horses, yet in every attitude having the grace of statuary and the accuracy of arithmetic."

I feel sure that there is a great scope for the Sword of the Spirit. There are so many points in common between Catholics and earnest non-Catholics: the family, education, and social problems. But I have rarely found a non-Catholic chaplain who knew much about this movement. There can be no Catholic chaplain whose heart does not bleed at times to see the large numbers of purely nominal C. of E. (so often with Irish names) who would appreciate discussions on the reasonable bases of natural theology and natural morality. They believe in God, but how few could say why they do so. Conscience to them has nothing to do with reason. It is

<sup>1</sup> In the army Cobbett read hard and discursively; he taught himself grammar and writing and rapidly rose to the position of regimental sergeant-major.

just something some people are cursed with. In such an atmosphere the Catholic minority can easily become minority-minded. Jocism with its emphasis on leadership in order to conquer the masses for Christ through example, service, and the right word at the right time, is the answer to this problem. Not more than 10% of the population of Great Britain are regular church-going Christians. We have to work and pray not for a religious revival but for the re-conversion of England. The work of St. Gregory who sent missionaries to the English, would seem to need doing again; and if it is true that the great things in history have always been achieved by tiny minorities, then the Catholic soldiers, who will go back, after the war, to their parishes in Civvy Street better Catholics than when they left them, will play a very great part in that Christian New Order.

**The Reverend B. J. Latchford, S.J., Chaplain with the Army, makes the following contribution :**

ONE of the biggest problems confronting the Catholic Church in this country prior to the war was that of the "leakage" of young people. They seemed just to drift away and be lost in the crowd. There must have been in every parish a varying number of baptised Catholics whose religion was such a well-kept secret that they were never known to the parish priest.

Now the army chaplain has one advantage denied to the parish priest since everyone, on entering the services, must put down his (or her) religion as a matter of routine. This enables the chaplain to seek out all members of the flock and to discover all he can about them. It is not a very encouraging task. From personal experience I should say that 40 to 50 per cent. of those who register as Catholics are merely nominally so; they are Catholics who have never seriously practised their religion. Some of them have not even made their first Confession and Communion. One A.T.S. girl who came to my notice had been baptized by an archbishop in Mexico but had got no further. Others made their first Confession and Communion in their youth but have long ceased to frequent the Sacraments through sheer indifference, usually the result of mixed marriages or marriages outside the Church.

When he meets these cases, the chaplain is faced with what



is, at one and the same time, a great opportunity and a grave problem. He has the chance of re-awakening some enthusiasm for religion in the hearts of these slackers so that they may return to civilian life after the war, Catholics in deed as well as in name. His first job is to overcome the paralyzing indifference and—what to my mind is just as bad—the crass ignorance of these nominal Catholics in matters concerning religion.

The problem is serious enough if the troops are concentrated in a fairly small area but it becomes really acute when they are spread out over a wide district, as in Anti-Aircraft units. Imagine the position. Two hundred gun and searchlight sites scattered over some thousands of square miles of countryside: one Catholic chaplain to deal with about five hundred Catholics, dotted here and there.

During the past twelve months I have travelled over 20,000 miles, visiting such sites and interviewing Catholic troops on them. I have put them in touch with the nearest church and priest and informed them of the times of Sunday Masses. All this has to be done for them since the men themselves, with a few notable exceptions, are painfully lacking in initiative when it comes to finding out such arrangements and details for themselves. Whenever possible, the Catholics are brought in from outlying sites to a central point, where they can attend Mass on Sundays. This Mass is said by the chaplain but, even after saying three Masses at different points, it is possible to cater for only a small proportion of the Catholic soldiers on any given Sunday. An attendance of twenty at one of these Masses would be remarkable: the average is nearer ten.

One of the most discouraging experiences a chaplain can have is to say Mass, knowing that his congregation is, in the main, apathetic and uninterested in what is going on at the altar. It all seems so meaningless and unimportant to them. It may perhaps sound slightly offensive to pious ears but I deprecate the practice of singing hymns during Mass. Is this not too frequently a way of relieving a congregation's boredom? The men must be taught, while in the Army, to appreciate Holy Mass for its own sake. Teach them to follow the Mass in their prayer-books and to answer the responses together. I have discovered—rather to my surprise—that they like this. They are made to feel that they are actually taking part in the Mass and are not merely passive spectators.

There is one large gun site, in which I am interested as chaplain and where there is a fairly large number of Catholic men and girls. Once a month I go there and collect them together for an instructional talk. The subject I have chosen is the Mass and, with the assistance of Father Martindale's small pamphlet "What is he doing at the Altar?" I am endeavouring to stir up interest.

It will be clear how difficult it is, under circumstances such as these, to do anything concrete by way of religious instruction. And yet the majority of Catholic soldiers are in urgent need of a refresher course in Religious Doctrine. Experience has taught that books and pamphlets are not sufficient. Even if read, they are only imperfectly understood. Oral explanation is required, but how is this to be done on the scattered sites of which I have spoken? It is sometimes possible, as in the case just mentioned, to hold a weekly or monthly class but in the main all explanation has to be individual and at fairly long intervals. I always carry the Penny Catechism around with me and pick out some central Catholic doctrine which I try to impress on the men during the course of that particular visit.

The value of good Catholic officers cannot be over-emphasized. They can be of the greatest help to the chaplain in his complicated task. Moreover, their good example in going to Mass and the Sacraments often does more than all instructions to stimulate the Catholic men under their command. In the large unit to which I am attached there are about a dozen Catholic officers. One of the senior officers in their number has suggested that they should meet together from time to time to discuss practical ways and means of improving the Catholic spirit and welfare of their Catholic troops. If this spirit of genuine Catholic Action could be developed and extended, a chaplain's problems would be lightened. Indeed, it might have really beneficial effects upon Catholic life in the Army and upon the future of Catholicism in England.

**The Rev. Peter Blake, S.J., Chaplain to the Royal Air Force, sends this contribution :**

**A**T a recent meeting of Air Force chaplains the senior Catholic chaplain to the R.A.F. exhorted us all to keep alive the spirit of zealous keenness with which we had originally

entered upon our new work, and not to allow adverse circumstances and disappointing results to dispirit us. To some this might seem, at first hearing, a surprising remark.

With a little more than two years as a chaplain in the R.A.F. and the experience gained during that period on two stations—the first a large Receiving Centre, the second a very large Technical Training Station—I can give only my personal and necessarily limited impressions. Other R.A.F. chaplains might have a different tale to tell : the character and position of the station, the personnel, the type of work, etc., etc.—these various factors make for varied conclusions. Of the more difficult work of chaplains on operational stations and with Officers' Training Units I know very little.

Most Chaplains would, however, agree in this, that the war has shown how appalling is the "leakage" problem. It has provided us with real chances of bringing Catholics back to the full practice of their religion. And it bluntly warns us that the Catholic Church in this country will have serious questions to tackle after the war.

Posted to a large Receiving Centre early in 1940, when recruits were pouring into the R.A.F. as fast as the service could take them, I had an opportunity of meeting the men just as they came from civilian life. All chaplains were given half an hour a week to lecture to the new recruits. My average number was from 80 to 100. I began by asking the men if they were all Catholics—a necessary procedure because one found at times that an over-zealous N.C.O. had sent a few extra men along when the Church of England padre had his room full. My second question was : "How many of you have not practised your religion for one, two or more years ?" This might sound strange, and a question to which exception would be taken. Actually, it was never resented, and the men were quite frank and open in their replies. I cannot remember any week in which I had less than 50 per cent. who had given up the practice of religion for one or more years. There was no bitterness or resentment against the Church, though there was the occasional individual who ceased to go to church after quarrelling with his parish priest. On the contrary, the general desire was to put things right.

This latter fact I attribute rather to the circumstances of the time than to what I said to them. The German offensive was at its height and a spirit of urgency was noticeable on

every side. The recruits were a "mixed bag" from all parts of the British Isles, from every walk of life, from public, secondary and elementary schools, young—and not so young. The younger men of the air-crew type were a different proposition altogether from the older men (of the balloon barrage and non-flying duties). I do not mean that all the younger men were admirable and the others a poor lot, but rather that the percentage of non-practising Catholics was higher among the latter than the former. Why had they ceased to practise or left the Church, for practical purposes? Reasons were varied: marriage outside the Church, the spread of Communism, Sunday work, ignorance, indifference, and so on. Whilst at the station, they came to Mass every Sunday (the chapel was excellently situated near the main gates) and, having done that, they were perfectly satisfied. Appeals to them to receive the Blessed Sacrament, to attend Benediction, to make the Stations of the Cross, fell on deaf ears. I received each week fifty copies of the *Catholic Herald*, and it was next to impossible to persuade the men to *take* (not buy) a copy and read it.

One could understand their reluctance to attend a service or even a social function in the evening. Their day was long: they were hard at work from 8 a.m. until 6 p.m., and by the time they had washed, changed and eaten, there was little time for writing home, going to the N.A.A.F.I., paying a visit to a local public house or having sixpennyworth of the Camp cinema.

On the whole, it was a stiff, uphill task which was rewarded, however, by the netting of some very substantial fish, and the meeting of some grand fellows whose zeal to do something to help their companions in matters of religion was most infectious.

After nine months of this sort of life, I was posted to an extensive Technical Training Station.

As the men arrive here for their four months' course, I meet them on their first or second day at the Station and for ten minutes I tell them of the facilities for the practice of their religion, the whereabouts of the Catholic chapel, Catholic activities, etc., and I answer any queries they may have about Holy Communion, breakfast, etc. There is a splendidly appointed chapel, with three Masses every Sunday (at 7, 8.30 and 10): there is consequently little excuse for non-attendance at Sunday Mass. Well, how do they respond?



On the whole, quite well. About 60 per cent. of the Catholics who are free to go to Mass, do so. A very admirable 10 per cent. gives the maximum of support to other services and to the running of a club for debates and discussions, of dances, and Sword of the Spirit meetings. The keenness of this small band is most helpful and consoling.

There is no time here to tell of the spirit of the men in the large R.A.F. hospital on this Station. The atmosphere is thoroughly different. Requests for confession and Holy Communion are the rule rather than the exception. Last Christmas saw 85 per cent. of the hospital inmates anxious to receive the Sacrament. They were of every type—young, middle-aged, and elderly, air-crew and ground-staff, Air-Marshall to A.C.2.

The chaplain's job is what he makes of it. He must be prepared for the most grievous disappointments, and yet remain willing to persevere. He needs a sturdy hope, and he can be sure that—someday, someday—that hope will be amply rewarded. The R.A.F. authorities (at least in my experience) are most helpful and considerate, and I have never been refused a reasonable request for my men, by any senior officer.

There is a great deal of apathy, indifference and sheer falling away from the Church among our Catholic men. Apart from duty, what is it that keeps a Catholic away from his practice? To my mind the whole problem can be summed up in this fact, that he has to live his life in a thoroughly materialistic and "pagan" (though not positively hostile) atmosphere. It requires great courage to be a good Catholic. The job of the priest in the service is no sinecure but it is child's play in comparison with that of the padres of other denominations. Were there no compulsory church parades for these denominations, the padres themselves admit that they could not reckon on more than 5 per cent. of the total personnel attending any kind of service on Sundays. But, for the most part, the men are a clean, good living, honest-to-goodness, set of fellows, with the faults and failings of any set of young men.

Religion, however, is something that has little bearing on their lives—apart from the six-weekly church-parade. They like and respect their padres and when other channels are closed, they will go to them for help. The idea that religion can mean anything vital is quite beyond them. They know

little, if anything, of the life of Our Lord and look upon church-going (apart from the compulsory parades) as something quite extraordinary and queer. It is among companions with this outlook that our young Catholic airmen spend all their time, and it can easily be seen that *to appear different*, especially in the matter of religion, demands a considerable amount of moral courage : and here—it must be confessed—many a Catholic fails.

Although the average airman has such decided views about religious practice, the conversation in the rooms and barrack blocks frequently centres upon religion and religious topics—e.g., the existence of God, the problem of evil, birth prevention, confession, etc., etc. Here again, we come upon a difficulty for Catholic men. Their ignorance of even the most elementary facts of their religion is often abysmal. At one of my meetings twelve months ago I asked a group of thirty men and W.A.A.F.'s if there was any particular subject they would care to discuss. One man got up and said that, although he felt he was a fairly good Catholic and went to Mass each Sunday, he did not know much about it, and, as for telling his non-Catholic pal in the next bunk what it was all about, well, he just couldn't manage it. Consequently, we began a series of six half-hour elementary talks on the Mass, and the keenness of that group amazed me. The general comment can be summed up as follows : "Why can't we have more talks on things that matter in Civvy Street, Father, instead of above-our-heads sermons that have little or no bearing upon our every-day life?"

It is difficult to generalise and every chaplain will have his own problems. No two stations have quite the same facilities or obstacles. All chaplains will, however, agree that the material on which we work is, for the most part, sound ; that the work is uphill and full of disappointments ; and, finally, that we have apostolic opportunities greater than anything granted to the Catholic Church in this country for the past twenty or thirty years.

**The Reverend H. W. R. Lillie, Chaplain with the Royal Air Force, sends the following comments :**

**T**HE war has shed an interesting light on Catholic practice in this country. It has shown us to ourselves and in a manner not too favourable. For the most part, the war

does not seem to have deepened our Catholicism. The absence of a near enemy—a few hundred yards away—has no doubt something to do with it. Many Catholics in the forces have just been transplanted from their civilian work to do a job in uniform on an aerodrome. Even in those who fly, there does not appear to have grown a deeper consciousness of religious issues as might have been expected in men so frequently near to death. All this is a general view. There are doubtless individuals whose appreciation of religious values has been quickened by what they have gone through : but in the main there is not that increasing devotion to the practice of the Faith which one might expect.

The problem is a serious one, and it does not augur well, humanly speaking, for the future of English Catholicism. Conditions differ widely, but taking a general average, it would probably be a fair estimate to reckon zealous Catholics at 10 per cent., average Catholics at 30 per cent., and the rest as either indifferent or bad. This means that at least 50 per cent. are lost or in the process of being lost to the Church.

The zealous Catholic is a boon to the chaplain and he can be counted on not only to fulfil his obligations, but if necessary to put himself out to further Catholic work on a camp. The average Catholic contents himself with his Sunday Mass and is otherwise not much in evidence. It is the indifferent or bad Catholic who sets us the chief problem.

Several considerations must be borne in mind when we speak of him. He is frequently a man (or woman) who has never practised his religion since he has left school. He is not usually from a Catholic Public School or a better-known secondary school. (Indeed, it is a great consolation to those who have had anything to do with Catholic Public School education, to find that, in the main, this type of boy keeps his faith alive in the services.) He is nearly always the product of an unhappy home. He is ignorant of his religion, and, were it not for his call to the services, he might not have come into contact again with a Catholic priest and Catholic influence.

If this contact can be maintained, it is obvious that the chaplain has a great opportunity. Unfortunately this is very difficult. Service demands are heavy, and the indifferent Catholic has plenty of chances of avoiding him. We have got to devise a means whereby we can re-attract this type of man to the Church. It will not be by sermons or by

exhortation. His mental outlook must be studied and understood before the successful approach can be made.

It is nearly always safe to assume that this outlook is practically the same as that of the average non-Catholic Englishman of his class. Through lack of Catholic practice he has relapsed into a materialist and unthinking frame of mind. His ideal (if he has one) is bordered by this life. Natural virtue, prowess in games, physical strength, candour in speech and behaviour—all this appeals to him. He may perhaps be the type that grumbles against religion, he may be actively anti-religious: but, on the whole, you will find him either a practical materialist or a spineless creature whose horizon is bounded by his liabilities to the service and avoiding their burden as much as he can.

Now for this state of things the service is usually not to blame. All the three services are professedly Christian, and normally nothing can exceed the kindness of officers and high authorities where the religious welfare of individuals is concerned. However, the majority of these officials are not Catholic. They are intent on winning the war, and inevitably service duty must impede full religious practice. In their eyes religion is a private matter for each individual, and though some of them might appreciate the religious issues involved in the war, it can easily be understood that their conception of religion as a private affair makes the corporate aspect of religious worship appear to them a secondary matter. In practice, duty to their country comes first. At the same time, except in certain spheres of work where continued effort under high pressure is necessary, they are usually most considerate to Catholics when they realize their religious obligations.

In consequence, the initiative is left largely to the Catholic himself. And here is the test of his Catholicism. The easier course is for him to do what his companions do, either so that he may not appear singular or that he may not cause inconvenience by putting some of his work on others. The alternative is harder, but not as a rule as hard as he imagines. To proclaim his Catholicism and to ask for time off to go to Mass is generally too much for him. And once he has let the matter slide, it is more difficult for him to broach it to his N.C.O. or officer. The chaplain does his best to secure the opportunity for all his flock to attend Sunday Mass, but the indifferent remain passive. They either do not want to go or in spite of



the facilities provided they prefer to forego these facilities lest they should attract unwelcome attention.

One reason undoubtedly why so many Catholics do not fulfil their obligations is because in civilian life they did not do so. They remain in the service what they were before they entered it. Many reasons for which the individuals themselves are not wholly to blame account for this lapse of theirs—distance from a church, Sunday occupation, etc. But there are indications that there has not been sufficiently close contact between the parochial clergy and their flock in years past. Indeed, it seems as though this question of contact will need to be looked to when, if not before, this war is over. Have we expected too much of our flock? We have waited perhaps for them to come to us when they expected us to go to them. It may not be true in civilian life, though I am inclined to think it is, that only the good Catholics are anxious to open and maintain contact with their pastors: but certainly in the services the faithful expect the chaplain to discover them, and not *vice versa*. Men love to be visited and though it means hard work, it is work which brings its own reward.

The indifferent Catholic shows up two other weak points which we shall have to strengthen. The life of the family needs more emphasis. Family ties have weakened in the last twenty-five years. This may be due partly to economic conditions and to circumstances over which the family has little or no control. It is often, but by no means always, endangered by mixed marriages. This diluted family loyalty is due in considerable measure to parental selfishness and to its concomitant result—the loss of obedience and discipline among the children. The spoilt child has become a common phenomenon. Having had its own way, it grows up self-willed and unrestrained.

The second weak point is the fact that owing to family negligence the Catholic school has double work to do. It has to help the child through the difficulties of school life and also strengthen (or perhaps implant) the fundamental principles of character and behaviour which the child should have acquired—and can only properly acquire—at its mother's knee.

Families, teachers, clergy have all much to do in the new world of the future.

In most of what has been said above, we have dwelt upon the problem of the indifferent Catholic. He represents the

"leakage" problem. Now, how are we to get him back? The experience, both of parochial clergy and of chaplains with the Forces, shows how difficult this is. One method that many have found successful is that of the indirect approach. Meet these men on their own ground. Argue with them on their own principles, show how even their own ideas of life are self-contradictory and lead to no conclusion. Some can be tackled along other lines. The man can be made to feel ashamed of himself. Lecturing, exhortation, reproof have often failed where a word or two that touched a sense of shame have succeeded. The young man of to-day is frequently proof against discipline or order; but he is proud, vain and sensitive. If he can be touched on these spots, the work of re-conversion can often make a start.

To conclude this rather tentative survey of our weak points and our opportunities, we must remember that the good and the average Catholic ought not be forgotten. Every effort made to interest them in their religion by discussion or by deepening their spiritual life is an effort well made. There is plenty for the good Catholic to do. He likes to know more and he will be a valuable apostle among his weaker brethren. The average Catholic needs care as well. Frequent contact is required to keep him to his minimum—contact not only with the priest but with his more enthusiastic Catholic brethren. His main weakness will probably be in failing to be regular at Sunday Mass. It is here that he has to be watched and challenged.

These are the thoughts of a chaplain who has had experiences probably similar to those of most other chaplains. There are undoubtedly splendid Catholics in the services, but on the whole, experience shows that much danger lies ahead. The number of the feeble and weak is very large, and the war should at any rate point out to us why this is so. War is a test, and so far that test has been searching. May we all profit by what it has taught us about the faith and devotion of Catholics.

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# MISCELLANEA

## I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

### A FORGOTTEN AUGUSTINIAN ABBEY:

#### ST. MARY OF THE MEADOWS, LEICESTER

**S**LIGHTLY to the North of Leicester are the ruins of the Abbey of St. Mary of the Meadows, one of the greater monasteries left derelict after the Reformation. It had been founded in 1143 by Robert le Bossu, in honour of the Assumption, for canons regular of the Augustinian order, and during its four centuries of existence it had acquired many rich endowments. Besides the founder, the de Quinceys, Simon de Montfort, Alan la Zouche and Ernold de Bosco had endowed it. It had at least two chantries, one founded by John de Tours in 1323, the other by Simon de Islip in 1352. In size, wealth and possessions it was probably second, among Augustinian houses, only to Cirencester. At the Reformation and afterwards, this great abbey was so effectively dismantled, and in later years the ruins fell into such decay, that there remain only a few pieces of masonry, now incorporated in the reconstructed foundations. Even the reconstruction is partly conjectural.

Leicester was too large and wealthy a house to be dissolved under the Act of 1536, but it shared the fate of the greater monasteries two years later. On August 28th, 1538, John Bouchier, the last abbot, handed it over to the Crown commissioners in return for a pension for himself and his community. A description of the abbey at this time appears in a contemporary survey—which may have been made by the commissioners themselves—among the Rentals and Surveys in the Public Record Office. The church, it says, with the mansion houses and other buildings, stood in the middle of the site which was surrounded by a wall, half brick, half stone. A haltway, with high stone embattled walls, led into the grounds from the north as far as the basecourt of barns, stables and other farm buildings. Here a small turreted gatehouse led into a second basecourt. On either side of the gatehouse was “. . . a square lodgyng . . . wherein be v chaumbers with chymneys and large wyndowes glasyd, the walles of stone and coveryd with leyd, and foure turrets of stone at the foure cornerres of the same.” At the south-east end of the court stood the bakehouse, brewhouse and two stables, built entirely of stone, and roofed with tiles. On the west side stood the church, 140 feet long and 30 feet wide and as high, we are told, as Westminster church: it had a central transept, 100 feet long and 30 feet wide, and a tower and spire at its western end. The great west door and glazed window looked out on to the main entrance.

Connecting the west end of the church with the refectory, which lay parallel to it, was "... a great square house ... wherein be iii great chaumbers with chymneys and large wyndowes parte glasyd, with stayres of tymber leydyng uppe to the same, the walles parte stone and coveryd with leyde, which wolde be muche more comodyouse yf yt werr performed after an uniforme all with stone, to the prospecte and view of the same." The refectory is described as a large and well-proportioned house with a big glazed window looking out on to the court. To the east of it was the dormitory, of like proportion, "... with stayres leydyng on high to the same and valtyd under and belowe wherein be great large sellers." These buildings, with the chapter house and library which were likewise of stone, roofed with lead, formed a square round the cloister yard.

Adjoining the cloisters were the hall and various houses of office, also built square round a yard, but these were "... parte stone and parte tymber, parte coveryd with leyde and parte with tyell, with gallerees leydyng above and belawe to the same hall and chaumberes, kychyn and other houses of office." Between this second yard and the basecourt (on its eastern side) was a tower, the forefront of brick, with a well-proportioned turret, called the King's lodging, "... wherein ys two fayr chaumbers with wyndowes glasyd, with chymneys, and two inner chaumbers with chymneys ...". Downstairs were a parlour and two more inner rooms. Two galleries led from the tower: a lower one, to three other rooms, the hall and "serten chaumberes above and belawe for offycers"; and an upper one, to four upstairs rooms and the great dining chamber which stood "on highe" at the upper end of the hall. The dining chamber, which was distinguished by its large bay windows, incorporated a "fayr lodgyng chaumber with an iner chaumber with chymneys and windowes glasyd ...". The walls were of stone and covered with lead. A low gallery led from the hall to the kitchen and houses of office and to six rooms for officers, with an entry also to the infirmary houses "wherof parte ys newly and lately buylded, wherein be vi chaumberes with chymneys." In the outer court were various rooms for servants. Here the description ends. The last, unfinished sentence concludes, "... and all the foresayd houses with the church be in good repayr ...".

Excavation alone could never have revealed the detail which this record gives and before its discovery a few years ago, Leicester as an Augustinian abbey was largely unknown. Several points in the description are worthy of note. The great square house at the western end of the cloister was probably the Abbot's lodging, a position not unusual for it when the cellarium was situated elsewhere, in this case apparently beneath the Dorter in the eastern range. The hall adjoining the cloisters in the outer courtyard was the infirmary hall, but mention is also made of infirmary houses, "lately buylded," which suggests a similar



process to that which took place in the Benedictine abbey of Westminster in the 14th century: separate houses were built for the sick and infirm while the original hall, which had once served as a general ward, was converted to other ends.

The great dining chamber or Misericord is situated with the infirmary buildings because of its fundamental connection with them. Originally only the sick were allowed meat, and that by indulgence, and though the rule was later relaxed for certain days of the week, meat was still not allowed in Frater. From being the infirmary dining hall the Misericord came to be the great dining hall of the monastery. It is unusual, in canons' houses, to find special accommodation set aside for guests, but here at Leicester, probably on account of its important position on the main route from London to the North, there is accommodation of a most luxurious kind. In general the picture presented is one of a monastery great but not vast (it cannot compare with the greatest Benedictine and Cistercian houses, and the church, of which alone dimensions are given, is almost identical in size with the ruin of Valle Crucis, a comparatively small Cistercian house); a monastery, however, rich in possessions and lavish in accommodation. The minor details of the account are not intended to be merely picturesque. The writer emphasizes with great care the number of rooms, glazed windows and chimneys, galleries and stairways, the amount of lead and stone, brick, wood and tile, because they were the factors by which the value of a great house was assessed.

When John Bouchier surrendered the house it was completely taken over by the commissioners, one of whom, Francis Cave, wrote to Cromwell: "I now ame in the possession of the house, and all the demeynes," adding that its debts amounted to £411 10s.<sup>1</sup>—debts which he partly discharged by making sale of "the stoke and store, withe the household stuffe and ornamenttes of the church." This amounted to £228. The lead was valued at £1,000, the bells at £88. The church and house were as yet undefaced but it merely awaited Cromwell's pleasure what further sale should be made and what "defasinge of the church and other superfluous byldinges whiche be abowt the monastery." We do not know what reply Cromwell made to this letter, but the results speak for themselves. The community was pensioned and dispersed, the abbot receiving £20 a year, a sum which he tried to get doubled, with what success history does not relate. The Prior received £10 a year; the canons between £5 and £6 a year. The King originally intended to save the abbey church and turn it into a cathedral for the use of the people; but this proved too expensive, and the church, with the other "superfluous byldinges," was stripped and desecrated. Valuable things, such as bells and lead, were sold. The widely distributed possessions of the abbey

<sup>1</sup> It should be remembered that money was then between 10 and 20 times its present value.

were leased to those who could afford to pay well for them. Francis Cave himself took over the site at Leicester on a twenty-one year lease, and his successors pulled down the old stones to build their own mansions. In spite of this, a few lovely ruins might have been spared, but in 1645, before the disaster at Naseby, Royalist troops encamped in the abbey grounds and, when they fled from the field, they fell back on their encampment and destroyed by fire everything within reach. To-day even the site is partly conjectural. There are no bare ruined choirs in the shade of Abbey Park to recall the grace and beauty that were once there ; for hardly a stone remains.

A. F. ALLISON.

### HIGH MASS AND SUNG MASS

WITH this third volume on the Celebration of Mass,<sup>1</sup> the Reverend J. O'Connell completes in some seven hundred closely printed pages the study of the Rubrics of the Roman Missal—a work on which the author justly deserves to be complimented and congratulated. The present volume deals with High Mass (sometimes incorrectly styled Solemn High Mass) and Sung Mass (more familiarly known in this country as *Missa Cantata*). To his task, Father O'Connell brings a wealth of learning, wide reading and accurate information which makes the three volumes a mine of useful information and invaluable and indispensable as works of reference in liturgical matters. Like the previous volumes, it is complete in its scope, even down to such details as a High Mass which is a second Mass celebrated by a priest who did not purify his chalice at the first Mass. It is well printed and has been carefully proofed and the paper is reasonably good. The illustrations, as in the preceding volumes, are from photographs taken in the (temporary) Abbey Church at Prinknash, but in this case they can hardly be regarded as happy since they are taken at a diminutive altar which has a predella and one step while the Monks are clothed in vestments little in keeping with English tastes and traditions.

But the cumulative effect is rather overwhelming and after a careful perusal of the one hundred and fifty pages devoted to the Rite of High Mass, one is left wondering whether one has ever celebrated High Mass with a reasonable degree of accuracy, or indeed if it has ever been done or could be done. Unlike Low Mass, it is not a matter of daily or even weekly occurrence for most priests. And for that reason, most celebrants and Sacred Ministers will welcome as a means of refreshing their memory, the synopsis of the ceremonies given as an appendix where the functions of Celebrant, Deacon, Subdeacon and Master of Ceremonies are given succinctly in parallel columns. Such simplification is indeed

<sup>1</sup> *The Celebration of Mass : A Study of the Rubrics of the Roman Missal : Volume III : The Rite of High Mass and Sung Mass*, by the Reverend J. O'Connell. London : Burns, Oates and Washbourne. Pp. xv, 243. Price 15s. n. 1942.

refreshing and in striking contrast to other sections of the book, e.g., the lingering relics of feudalism which merely tend to complicate the liturgy and which one would gladly see abolished, e.g., Who incenses the Choir?, the order of incensation, the number of swings and depth of bow, etc. Those are the things which, it seems to us, make the role of the Sacred Ministers unnecessarily intricate.

And in this connection, we would remark that in the book, too much attention is given to greater churches where, naturally, the liturgy can be carried out under almost ideal conditions. Little account is taken of the increasing number of churches where High Mass is celebrated every Sunday—often in the face of great difficulties. No allowance is made for such contingencies and there are times when the author seems to be unduly rigorous in his interpretation of church legislation. An instance may be quoted from the section "Women in Church Choirs": "Women may not form part of a *mixed* choir, of men and women, even when this choir is placed entirely away from the altar." Surely in these days, when it is impossible in large towns and cities to get a choir of boys, and almost impossible to raise a men's choir, one might expect some relaxation. Few congregations can sing the Ordinary of the Mass; yet a mixed choir could in many cases be trained and maintained without much difficulty.

The remarks about the Master of Ceremonies are worth quoting: "1. Though the Office of M.C. is an important one, no mention is made of it in the rubrics of the Missal. Throughout the *Ceremonial of Bishops*, however, the M.C. is mentioned from time to time and an entire chapter (1. v) is devoted to him—to his qualities, general duties and privileges. 2. The *Ceremonial* supposes the chief M.C. to be a priest and his assistant to be at least a Subdeacon. Footnote: If, in smaller churches, a layman acts as M.C., he is to be regarded as one of the servers. He may direct the other servers; and he assists but does not direct, the Sacred Ministers." To which one might add fervently, *O si sic omnes*.

Not everyone will agree with all the author's interpretations of the rubrics, e.g., his instructions when the Deacon takes the burse during the *Credo*: "From the table he takes the burse, which he carries in both hands horizontally at the height of his eyes, with the opening turned towards himself." The rubric says simply: *eam defert elevatam* without any mention of the height of the eyes—surely an unnatural height at which to carry anything.

Some celebrants may be glad to know that "With the permission of the Ordinary, the Celebrant of Mass may preach from the altar after his Communion, and before the Communion of the faithful." Yet the author does not seem to envisage the case—presumably the most common in many an English parish church—where the Deacon of the Mass preaches the sermon. As he does not agree with the practice of the Celebrant removing his chasuble to preach,

it is to be assumed that he would advise the Deacon to wear the dalmatic during the sermon. But should he retain the broad stole on days when this is worn? He maintains that the Celebrant (and so, presumably the Deacon also) should not remove his manipule when he preaches—though this seems to be the common practice, to be reprobated not imitated, like another custom we have observed, namely, when the Subdeacon (a priest) who preached the sermon, put on a preaching stole of the colour of the day, red, green or white, over the tunicle of cloth of gold which he was wearing.

In a footnote we read: "On uncovering a ciborium which contains consecrated particles, it is better, if space permits, to place the cover on the corporal, as it may have come in contact with the Sacred Hosts." Is one therefore to conclude that in purifying a ciborium, the lid also should be purified as a safeguard against a similar contingency?

There is a curious footnote on page 136: "At a Pontifical Mass the rubric directs the Subdeacon to hold the paten at the Celebrant's left and according to the rubricians, he is to hold it under the chin of each communicant. From this arose the custom, in spite of D. 1572 which forbids it, of the Deacon at a non-Pontifical Mass holding the paten under the chin of the communicants. Rubricians allowed the practice where it had become established, but some suggested—probably to try to restore the difference that the rubrics make between a Pontifical and non-Pontifical Mass—that a Communion plate, and not the paten of the Mass be used. However, the Instruction of 1929 recognizes the practice of the Deacon holding the paten under the chin of the communicants at High Mass."

Actually according to the Rubric quoted at the head of the chapter, the Deacon should be otherwise engaged—*et Diaconus purificationem eis ministret*—a practice now generally obsolete and reasonably so in these days when wine is so scarce!

But these are minor points hardly worthy of mention. May we however suggest that a general index to the work would be a considerable advantage. Each volume appeared separately and is sufficiently indexed by itself. But a complete index would have very obvious advantages.

R. C.



## II. OUR CONTEMPORARIES

**CATHOLIC HERALD** : May 8th, 1942. **Catholic Writers and Journalists Confer in London.** (A detailed account of the several speeches delivered at the Catholic Press Conference, held in London early in May.)

**CATHOLIC WORLD** : April, 1942. **Inter-American Catholic Co-operation**, by R. A. McGowan. (Mr. McGowan argues that the three Catholic Americas—French Canadians, the English-speaking Catholics of the U.S.A. and Canada, and the Latin American Catholics—are the chief hope for the New World's future.)

**CHANGING WORLD SERIES** : May, 1942. **Russia and the West.** (The first of a new series of publications which, this time, presents the views of Catholic, Anglican and Orthodox writers on the social, cultural and religious aspects of the Anglo-Russian partnership.)

**COMMON CAUSE** : May 10th, 1942. **The Unity of Our World**, by Antoni Plutyński. (Has some strong words on the "moral harakiri" of the Western peoples and their lack of solidarity in face of the menace of yellow Japan.)

**DUBLIN REVIEW** : April, 1942. **The Papacy and the New Order**, by Christopher Dawson. (Mr. Dawson reiterates his familiar warning that the innate moral sense, still evident in men's private dealings, must be made a power in public affairs.)

**GRAIL MAGAZINE** : No. 4, 1942. (A fresh and interesting number, containing a rhymed analysis of Pius XI's encyclical on Christian Education.)

**HIBBERT JOURNAL** : April, 1942. **The Evidence for the Resurrection**, by R. A. Edwards. (A well-reasoned discussion of the scriptural testimony to the Resurrection and of the atmosphere in which that testimony should be examined.)

**IRISH MONTHLY** : May, 1942. **Our Lady, Queen of Poets**, by Aodh de Blacam. (Mary, herself the poetess of the "Ecce Ancilla Domini" and the "Magnificat," is fittingly hymned by Mary's poets.)

**TABLET** : May 9th, 1942. **The Accustomed Civilization.** (A timely editorial warns us against being false to the principles of the Atlantic Charter and the Papal Peace Points, and reminds us that the Continent looks to Britain as a "bulwark of freedom, legality and tradition.")

**THOUGHT** : March, 1942. **The United States and Japan, 1854-1941**, by Charles Callan Tansill. (U.S.A.-Japanese relations are ably reviewed from Commodore Perry's first appearance off the coast of Japan to the treacherous attack upon Pearl Harbour.)

# REVIEWS

## 1—A HANDFUL OF SPIRITUAL BOOKS<sup>1</sup>

**M**GR. KNOX'S latest book contains a number of the Sunday conferences which, as University chaplain from 1926 to 1938, he gave to Catholic undergraduates at Oxford. The book is in decidedly serious vein, and the author tells us that he has omitted the more topical illustrations that belonged originally to the conferences. There are twenty-four of them. They are not exactly a course of Christian apologetics, but they do provide a valuable series of talks on important apologetical points. These range from "The Cross-Word of Creation" and "If God Exists" through various considerations of Christ and the Church to "The Three Moralities," "Morality and Convention," and "Unselfishness in Marriage." The talks are admirably put together and make sound and thoughtful reading—with here and there a quite original approach to a familiar question, e.g., the chapter on "it doesn't matter" and "surely you don't mind," and the two sections on "The Living Witness" and "The Unholiness of the Church." Mgr. Knox lays emphasis upon the balanced character of the Church's teaching which rings clear and true amid the many cracked and jarring tones of error, and he shows how the old Christological heresies are appearing again in our modern world. I noticed two misprints, both proper names (pp. 59 and 116), and from pp. 125 to 128 wrong page headings are in possession. Mgr. Knox, relying on Acts i. 15, puts the number of the "brethren," immediately after the Ascension, as 120. This does not square completely with St. Paul's reference (1 Cor. xv. 6) to a previous apparition of Christ to "five hundred brethren at once."

Father M. F. Egan's volume is similar in character, including—this time—fifteen domestic exhortations which he delivered, in the capacity of Spiritual Father, to the members of a Jesuit community in Ireland. Some of the chapters appear much as they were given, others have been recast and rewritten. This—the author warns us—explains a certain looseness of structure and what might appear an excessive insistence on the ideas of St. Ignatius. But these are very helpful chapters, dealing, as they do, with the personal aspect of religious life, with prayer, and with what Father Egan, following Père de Caussade, calls "the sacrament of the

(1) *In Soft Garments*, by Mgr. Ronald Knox. London: Burns and Oates. Pp. ix, 188. Price, 6s. n. 1941. (2) *The House of Peace*, by M. F. Egan, S.J. Dublin: H. M. Gill and Son. Pp. 125. Price, 2s. 6d. n. 1941. (3) *Prayer for All Men*, by Pierre Charles, S.J. Translated by Rev. F. J. Sumner. London: Sands. Pp. 143. Price, 5s. n. 1941. (4) *The Rosary in Daily Life*, by Bruno Walkley, O.P. London: Burns and Oates. Pp. xi, 84. Price, 2s. 6d. n. 1942. (5) *Prayer with Mary*, by J. Leo McGovern, Cong. Orat. London: Sands. Pp. 136. Price, 4s. 6d. n. 1942.

present moment." "To live in the present moment ; to accept all that it brings—the duty of the moment, the day's work, the gain or the loss, the joy or the pain or the anxiety—as an oracle of the divine will ; to meet it therefore, not merely with resignation and submission but with wholehearted acceptance ; such is Father Caussade's simple formula for the perfect life." He has something too to say on the "sacramental" aspect of creation. Possibly he lays overmuch stress on petition as the basis of prayer. "Prayer," he tells us, "in its most proper sense, means petition" (p. 49) ; considering prayer as essentially an act of homage "we easily understand that petition should be its most natural, instinctive, and universal expression" (p. 58). Is not this to do violence to the prayer of wonder, praise, and thankfulness ? Father Egan does not, of course, neglect them. There is an excellent chapter on the problem of "Martha and Mary." It contains an amusing judgment which deserves full quotation : "I remember an old Carmelite Prioress, a soul very dear to God (and now, I feel very sure, enjoying the light of His Presence), telling me of her troubles. The enclosure wall was falling down, the dairy was giving trouble, the kitchen range was out of order. I ventured to quote our Lord's words, 'Martha, Martha, . . . ' 'Martha indeed !' she exclaimed ; 'I wish I had a few Marthas in here to help me, instead of all these Marys !'"

Those familiar with previous books of Père Charles, S.J., will welcome once again the crisp, vivid, and dynamic quality of his writing. "Prayer for All Men" contains more than thirty short chapters of reflection. As the Archbishop of Birmingham notes in an appreciative foreword, the book is "a good effort to make our prayer less self-centred, and bring it into greater harmony with the prayer of our Lord." When we remember that the book is a translation of "*La Prière Missionnaire*" and that Père Charles was Professor of Missiology both at Louvain and Rome, we understand the wide sweep of vision in these reflections. They range across the whole field of the Church's activity, lingering with special interest and affection on missionary work in the Far East. The author's argument is that Catholics should take an interest in all Catholic work, and should—at least in and through their prayers—help and further it. Père Charles's reflections are personal and alive ; they include some striking thoughts—some of the chapters, e.g. "The Mystery of the Wine and Water," are remarkable. But there is too much soliloquy in the text ; this is not the easiest way for meditations to be written—at least in English.

Father Bruno Walkley, O.P., reminds us that the essence of the Rosary lies in the welding of vocal prayer with meditation upon the mysteries concerned. Accordingly he has composed some simple meditations, presenting each of the fifteen mysteries and then adding appropriate reflections. Many will be helped by this small devotional work. But there remains a certain problem, namely that of finding the right blend of vocal prayer and consideration. If we attend exclusively to the former, there is no

meditation, and yet if we pursue the reflections too far, then the vocal prayer may become almost automatic. One method is to recite the "Our Fathers" and "Hail Marys" in a certain setting and atmosphere, that of the particular mystery under review. Father Walkley's chapters are rather meditations upon the Rosary mysteries than an actual method of reciting the Rosary itself.

With disarming modesty Father McGovern blames the war for his "rashness" in committing these Devotional Hours to print. They are concerned with our Lady and are conceived in Ignatian vein. *Gustare et sentire*, to savour and sense the various scenes in her life—that is the purpose of these Hours. A scene is described and analysed, a feeling stirred, a thought evoked which the author intends to lead to prayer. In this manner he treats the Annunciation, Visitation, and the Presentation in the Temple. There is a further consideration of our Lady's seven sorrows in connection with the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit. Few illustrations are introduced, and no attempt is made to illuminate affairs or problems of to-day; the author confines himself to the personal and strictly religious side. The book will prove helpful to sodalists and children of Mary, assisting them to pray and, as Father McGovern hopes, to see things with our Lady's eyes. I had the vague notion that the name "flower" was applied to Nazareth much as to Florence—or Fiorenza, to give it its older name—because it was like the centre of a flower, surrounded by petal-like hills.

J. M.

## 2—POSTHUMOUS PASTOR<sup>1</sup>

THE latest volumes of Pastor to appear in English cover the years 1700-1740 and the Pontificates of Clement XI, Innocent XIII, Benedict XIII, and Clement XII. Clement XI's reign was longer than those of his three successors put together, and to it the first of these volumes is entirely devoted. He was a most winning personality, a Pope who in better times would undoubtedly have ranked with the greatest. But that evil eighteenth century with its dynastic wars and acrid theological controversies defeated his noblest intentions. He was ground between the upper and nether millstones of France and the Empire. England's proud victory at Blenheim was for him the signal of blackest disaster, though he had wished and striven to keep free of secular politics and longed only for the liberty to serve God and Christendom. His private life was austere and saintly; he was boundlessly good to the poor; he gave art and learning most liberal patronage. Heart and soul devoted to the Church's missionary activities, it was his misfortune to have to witness and adjudge the tragic controversy on the Chinese rites, which led to

<sup>1</sup> *The History of the Popes: Vols. XXXIII and XXXIV.* By Freiherr Ludwig von Pastor. Translated by Dom Ernest Graf, O.S.B. London: Kegan Paul. Pp. xxxv, 554; xiii, 596. Price 16s. 6d. n. 1942.



the downfall of the most promising of all missionary ventures. In Europe the Jansenist troubles, again in full eruption, clouded the middle years of his Pontificate. On all those murky questions Pastor is, as usual, a mine of accurate, well-served information. He closes the volume with a long and most beautiful prayer composed by the Pope which is a mirror of his saintliness.

Innocent XIII was already a sick man when elected, and he achieved next to nothing in his brief and troubled reign. Benedict XIII, a Dominican, was a man of the deepest personal piety, but, says Pastor, "to be an able Pope it is not enough to be an excellent religious," and the Pontiff's too great trust in evil advisers led to concessions which gravely compromised the Church's liberties. His successor, Clement XII, is famous, if not for much else except patronage of art, as the first Pope who condemned Freemasonry, then a new phenomenon. Altogether, this second volume makes dreary reading, for the Popes with whom it deals, though good men, were too old or ill to deal effectively with the grave problems of their apostate epoch. In parting with Pastor one feels inclined to kneel and thank God for having endowed him with such heroic assiduity, and the Church with what is in effect, not so much a history of the Popes, as an encyclopedia of her own history.

J. B.

### 3—WHITEWASH OR VINDICATION<sup>1</sup>

**T**HERE will be many people who will regret this book. The legend of the Borgias so appetising to the lover of wickedness in high places—and not least in the Papacy—has been for many years accepted as true, even in part by historians so celebrated as von Pastor, Creighton and von Ranke. And now Professor Orestes Ferrara has shaken the legend to its foundations.

The Professor is not a Catholic, but he is already known as a balanced and judicious writer from his book on Machiavelli. A Latin-American, by profession a lawyer, and at one time Cuban Ambassador in Washington, he is also a well known research scholar in the libraries of Europe.

This work is carefully done, written in a clear and unbombastic manner, and his conclusions are drawn under the reader's eye from documents (quoted either in full or in notes at the back of the book) or from cautious reasoning in the text itself. In consequence, the judgments he arrives at are the more convincing, and even the most captious scholar will not hesitate to acknowledge that the writer has made out his case. All the most atrocious stories connected with Alexander VI—his children, his poisonings, his obscenities—are squarely dealt with, and no unbiassed reader can possibly escape the force of the arguments which prove them to be either totally devoid of foundation or extravagant exaggerations.

<sup>1</sup> *The Borgia Pope: Alexander VI.* By Orestes Ferrara. Translated by F. J. Sheed. London: Sheed and Ward. Pp. 455. Price, 16s. n. 1942.

Alexander VI appears as a man of his time—a political ecclesiastic, able, and at times opportunist and perhaps unscrupulous, but with a fundamental policy conducted on sound principles. From the book it is clear that, given a less hectic and confused era than the end of the fifteenth century, Alexander VI would have come down to posterity with quite a different reputation. The Roman hatred for the Spaniard, the irresponsible gossip and malice of the Italian diarists, have combined with the chaos of Italian politics to obscure the greatness of perhaps the most capable and experienced statesman of his time. Professor Ferrara will not have Alexander VI to be a saint. But the evidence shows him not to have lacked a sense of his great dignity and responsibility as Father of all Christians. It is interesting to note that Alexander's plans for Church reform, impossible of achievement at the time, had no small influence on the programme of reform later put forward at the Council of Trent.

The book is, except for war-time paper, attractively produced. It has few misprints. There is one obvious error on p. 312 where "Henry VIII" should read "Henry VII," and the marginal reference number attached to the end of the sentence seems to have got disconnected with the critical apparatus at the back of the book. The notes are good in the main, but authorities cited are sometimes given without reference to edition or place of printing. These are perhaps small blemishes, but they are important in a work whose purpose is to revise the verdict of history.

All serious readers will appreciate the careful and scholarly presentation of the imbroglio of Italian intrigue and city-politics—a background usually so difficult to portray without entangling both writer and reader in endless confusion. Indeed, the reader will close the book with a feeling of gratitude to Professor Ferrara for this important and long overdue revision of Renaissance History.

H. W. R. L.

#### 4—A NOVEL NOTION OF "CATHOLICITY"<sup>1</sup>

**MR. JENKINS** is a Congregational Minister whose theology has obviously been fashioned on Barthian lines. The book is therefore valuable as a straightforward account of the Barthian doctrine of the Church.

The use of the note of "Catholicity" will surprise and bewilder Catholics. For Mr. Jenkins, following Karl Barth, "Catholicity" is that quality which is the essence of the Church and—the passage continues (p. 18)—"which is the common possession of all Churches which are Churches." Notice the jump from Church to churches. The author has a little to say concerning the visible unity of the "Church" but this apparently in no way rules out "churches."

<sup>1</sup> *The Nature of Catholicity*, by Rev. Daniel T. Jenkins. London: Faber and Faber. Pp. 171. Price: 5s. n. 1942.

To enquire into the "Catholicity" of the Church is the same as asking "Is Jesus Christ in the Church?" Mr. Jenkins tells us that we know Christ through the testimony of the apostles. He admits that the Church, to be Catholic, must be also Apostolic. But the important point is not that these men were apostles but that they bore witness. They have authority only in so far as they forgot themselves in bearing faithful witness to Christ. The test of the "Catholicity" of a church is whether its testimony to Christ is the same as that of the apostles. How, then, can we know what their testimony was? By the Scriptures. These require exegesis for they are not "self-evidencing" (p. 34), though on this point there is some confusion since they are spoken of elsewhere (p. 91) as "self-authenticating." Ultimately it is an inner experience which allows us to know what this testimony was, for "through the Holy Ghost we are able to stand where the apostles stood and say 'Amen' to their testimony."

The marks of "a Catholic Church" are the Word and Sacraments and a certain divine ordinance for the form of the Church. All these must, however, be brought continually under the scrutiny of Jesus Christ that the Church may be sure that she is not putting herself in the place of Christ and usurping His Lordship.

This paragraph will make it evident that Mr. Jenkins does not regard the Catholic Church as "Catholic," in his novel sense of that word. The Church, as we know it, is for him a replacement rather than a representation of Christ. In one place he belabours us with some of Luther's foul-mouthed abuse: he refers to the "heretical bishop of Rome" who has become "a figure of cosmic proportions": in his eyes the architecture of St. Peter's suggests "a catholicity of paganism." Not that the book is designedly anti-Catholic, in our meaning of the word. This sort of confused judgment follows necessarily from the somewhat vague and subjective conception that he outlines. It must be confessed that Mr. Jenkins shows little acquaintance with Catholic writers and theologians: on several occasions he refers to a work of Père Congar and there is mention of M. Maritain. When he does treat of what he terms "traditional Catholicism," it is to English writers, such as Hebert, Lacey, and Ramsey that he turns.

The book reflects the influence of Kierkegaard, e.g. in the statement that, in preaching, Christ becomes the "contemporary" of preacher and congregation—in itself a fruitful idea—and in the notion of a *κρίσις* or judgment, under which both individual and Church must stand. For Mr. Jenkins, only a "Reformed Church" can be a "Catholic Church" since this "church" has to go on examining herself critically under God's Word and reforming herself in its light.

There is a strong note of Barthian pessimism in the book. The "Church" exists in a fallen world and can so easily herself become a prey to the Devil; this is, I suspect, what Mr. Jenkins considers the Church of Rome to have done. He rejects Natural Law and

Natural Theology and will allow no approach to God through reason, but only through Christian revelation. The Modernist may accuse us of superstition and "miraculism" but the Barthian will have it that we are rationalists and Pelagians.

The author insists that this question of "Catholicity" has to be treated theologically, not historically. That is natural, in his case, for no "church" could claim an historical succession—with a gap of fifteen centuries between the apostles and itself. Quite rightly he rejects all branch or continuity theories. But he leaves himself with a strange and very subjective position. There is no real notion of a visible Church; and we are given the impression of various "churches," falling in and out of "Catholicity," and thus becoming now true, and now false churches. It is all very bewildering. And it is a pity that Mr. Jenkins has not yet had time to study the Catholic Church's ideas concerning "Catholicity."

#### 5—EUROPE—EPITAPH<sup>1</sup> OR RE-AWAKENING\*

MR. PAUL TABORI is a Hungarian journalist and man of letters who, in fifteen years and more of European experience, has been also stagehand and the doorkeeper at a disreputable night club in Berlin. He writes a crisp, vivid and at times a glittering English, with imaginative passages that linger in the memory. "I thought of Atlantis, the continent buried under the sea where seaweed weaves through the windows of the palaces and the bells of the marble churches are muted for ever. That was the Europe of which I propose to write the epitaph."

We are given graphic impressionist chapters: on France, a land that had lost both audacity and the power of laughter, with "soldiers marching into the fog . . . without protest and without hope"; on Germany, ridden with excitement and vice, and its long nightmare that gathered in horror and intensity in the middle and later thirties. Hungary, the Balkans, Holland and Italy—these are all visited and their outlines are deftly etched with strong shading. Mr. Tabori's Europe is, for the most part, a superficial Europe—the Europe of club and cafe and newsroom. But at times he does penetrate into a people's soul and problems as in the chapters on his own country and on the tragic destiny of the Balkan lands.

A most readable and quite fascinating book, even if the contrasts are sometimes forced, and the epitaph is composed over a victim that is anything but dead. And indeed Mr. Tabori is well aware of this. He has woven an ingenious and gaily-coloured tapestry in honour of a "dead Europe"—that Europe which lived twenty-one years but crowded into those years a century of contrasts, ideas, laughter and tears, a Europe of ideals, that were appreciated

<sup>1</sup> *Epitaph for Europe*. By Paul Tabori. London: Hodder and Stoughton. Pp. 352. Price, 8s. 6d. n. 1942.

\* *And the Floods Came*. By Arnold Lunn. London: Eyre and Spottiswoode. Pp. 237. Price, 15s. n. 1942.



but never realized. It was the "Europe of Proust and Pirandello, of Thomas Mann and Freud." But Europe has had happier and healthier monitors than the decadent Proust and the quixotic Pirandello. Mr. Tabori's *Requiescat* concludes with a *Resurgat*.

Mr. Arnold Lunn's "And the Floods Came" is intended as a war-time sequel to his admirable essay in autobiography, "Come What May," and he too commences with a nostalgic lament for the Europe that has passed away. He would gladly barter "all hope of survival in my remoter descendants or in my books for a few more years as happy as those between the first and second world wars." Early in 1940 he visited Italy and the Balkans, returning homewards just as Italy was on the point of declaring war. There is a touching farewell to the mountains of the Bernese Oberland and a charming salute to Pallanza and the Villino San Remigio by the wide waters of Lago Maggiore. "The tranquil happiness of those Italian summers seems to belong to another sphere, infinitely remote from these distracted times, and it is only by an act of faith that I can believe in the continued existence of San Remigio."

But Mr. Lunn is far too active and full of energy to remain long in reverie. Most of the volume is concerned with his experiences in Ireland and the United States. From Ireland he reports interviews, lectures and arguments which help us to unravel the many puzzling threads that have gone to the making of the Irish attitude. He is very fair to North and South, though he has some strong things to say about the treatment of Catholics under the Ulster Government.

Sandwiched between these impressions of Eire and the United States are stories of several days spent with anti-aircraft gunners near Dover, of a trip in convoy along the East Coast, and of nights in London during the earliest heavy air-raids. There are always incidents, reminiscences and rapid character sketches to lighten the account.

The larger portion of the volume deals with the author's adventures as a lecturer in pre-belligerent America. The general friendliness with which he was everywhere received still left room for the occasional "rough-passage" on the lecture platform. Mr. Lunn, we know, has a way with him and can defend himself and his point of view with vigour and effectiveness. The many interviews and impressions here recorded go a long way to make us understand the patchwork of Catholic opinion in the U.S.A. about the European war. Mr. Lunn analyses this complicated and frequently confused situation—with remarkable acumen. He met many interesting persons in the States—both Europeans and American citizens. There is a delightful picture of Air Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding and, I fear, a far less flattering sketch of Father Coughlin. Mr. Lunn's sequel to "Come What May" merits the genuine tributes that were showered upon the original volume. It is fresh, interesting and highly illuminating.

## SHORT NOTICES

### BIOGRAPHICAL

Miss Margaret T. Munro has gone **Seeking for Trouble** (Longmans, 5s. n.). It might be less ambiguous to say that her aim is to introduce readers to the problem of holiness and to the lives of some outstanding specimens of that holiness. The saints, she rightly argues, had that "wholeness of life," after which modern people are insistently groping. Sanctity calls, of course, for individual initiative—and that of a high degree: but all that the saints have won for themselves by this initiative has benefited the community and left it richer and stronger. Our modern age, the authoress continues, requires to be convinced of the "proper task of exceptional people." There can be no real progress without attempts to "overshoot the mark," to do more than appears humanly possible. This is what the saints have attempted and, in the main, have done. The saints are the "trouble-seekers" and usually the "trouble-finders." Miss Munro tackles the various challenges of Virginity, Martyrdom, Poverty and Penitence, explaining the character of the challenge in question, and exemplifying it in the life of one or two saints. Her study of Agnes is charming: the accounts of Saints Ignatius of Antioch, Polycarp and Thomas Aquinas admirably given. The chapter on St. Simeon Stylites is, however, a little overdone. It is hard to agree that, of all the saints she deals with, Simeon "is the one with the most direct message for ourselves": this is forcing language. All argument on a thesis tends to go too far. Miss Munro falls a victim to this tendency when she writes that "unless religion can compete with the buccancer and the swashbuckler, as a source of legitimate thrills, it cannot hold its place in human regard." But, a few minor criticisms apart, the book is fresh and interesting: it will do, we are sure, considerable good.

### VERSE

**To-morrow** (Sands, 2s. n.), a collection of thirty short poems by Mary Winter Were, has succeeded in getting printed on quite excellent paper—an achievement in war-time worth the noticing. Half of the poems have already appeared in print—several of them in Catholic periodicals. The title is aptly chosen since the authoress looks forward, with a kind of spiritual nostalgia, to better and more peaceful days. A quiet theme runs throughout, with insistence upon the writing of "God's great life-giving prose" over "our loved earth all dour and brown." The volume includes some quite charming devotional pieces, e.g. "To St. Joseph" and "Our Lady's Hands": and there is a distinct feeling for lilt and melody, so sorely missed in much modern work.

## ASCETICAL

Dom Maurice Zundel is already known to English readers through the translation of his valuable work on "The Splendour of the Liturgy." Another book from the same pen, **Our Lady of Wisdom** (Sheed and Ward, 5s. n.) has far less claim to excellence. Dom Maurice sums up his main theme in the following words: "Wisdom and Poverty met in her (Mary's) marriage to Joseph and in her maternity, in her silence and her compassion, in our worship of her and in the dogmas which tell of her life in the Church." There are many eloquent passages. In fact, the book is almost over-eloquent; there is some hyperbole and an exalted tone that becomes a trifle monotonous. One tends to suspect books that announce in a foreword that they are attempting to restore to words their "spiritual vibrations" and "vital resonances." From time to time one meets with sentences that need more careful explanation than they have been given. "Jesus," we are told, "was truly the child of their marriage" (that is, of Mary and Joseph): the bond that united them was "the divine Person of their Child" (pp. 12-13). "It is towards this 'I know not,' that beginners must be directed: such a sense of ultimate ineffableness must be communicated to them as will prevent them applying too material a logic to the things of God" (p. 34). Quite true, in a way. But for beginners? Beginners in what? On the previous page, we are informed that the theologian "sometimes arrives at such a simplicity of gaze that the division into concepts seems utterly derisory": and a footnote (p. 43) speaks of "the monstrous framework of concepts, after the image of man's desire, whose unbreakable framework of concepts will hold the whole being hopelessly captive." No one pretends that concepts will bring one to a full and satisfying knowledge of God. But man is endowed with reason, and man reasons through concepts. One suspects a vague Bergsonism in this contempt for the conceptual. At times the author appears to us to go too far, as in the question: "Can we not see in the subsistent altruism which constitutes the divine Persons—by making of each a living relation to the two others—the supreme exemplar and the eminent realisation of holy Poverty?" Poverty—in the *kenosis* of the Second Person—yes, decidedly: but poverty realised within the very being of God—how so? What may seem to fit the genius of one language does not always sound happy in translation. Perhaps this is the reason why this second work of Dom Maurice appears to us far less successful than the first.

## MISCELLANEOUS

Major John Baker White has given us a number of his reflections in **A Soldier Dares to Think** (Vacher and Sons, 2s. 6d. n.). The reflections are drawn largely from his experiences, as a Territorial officer, in London from October, 1939, till December, 1941, and they introduce Londoners under fire, black marketeers,

and the rest. There is an excellent appeal for "Faith and Discipline" and for belief in the "Justice of our Cause" as the basis of our determination to see the fight through to the end and of our certainty of victory. He has some words to say of youth. "The youth who are winning the war must take control after the war to govern the country they have saved." The book has many inspiring pages, but why should we think of Elizabethan England as especially "Merrie"? It was not very merry for Catholics and those whose conscience would not allow them to conform to the new religious settlement of the Cecils. Elizabeth did what Hitler is doing: she forced a new *Weltanschauung* on her subjects and she had her Gestapo, her pursuivants, to help her do it.

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